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Obviously destined for straight stuff, he was offered, after 6 months' training in Basic Movement at the Boltons Academy, a part at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in the last five minutes of *Murder by Proxy* as the very sound young man who in fact actually did it.

He was so sound and young over such a long period that he was asked to be sound in Beverly Hills where he rented a house, a replica in stucco of the cottage of a Normandy fisherman which his agent advised him to convert into an imitation of a Somersetshire tithe barn.

But as time passed it seemed to him that he was becoming so generally recognised that nobody ever actually remembered his name, and it made him discontented. He suffered from irrational fits. He took a dislike to his stage friend Overman, who though totally unsound had been born practically in the wings of the Old Marquess Music Hall, O.P. side. He made attempts to do unsuitable things. He took the part of Kant in a Third Programme dramatised biography of this philosopher. But it was not until he played the part of King Lear for six weeks at the Coldmarsh Repertory Theatre, at a salary of £4.15 a week that he was genuinely mentioned in the Sunday newspapers, and finally accepted not only as an actor, but as a man whose blood, besides being blue, reeked of grease paint as well.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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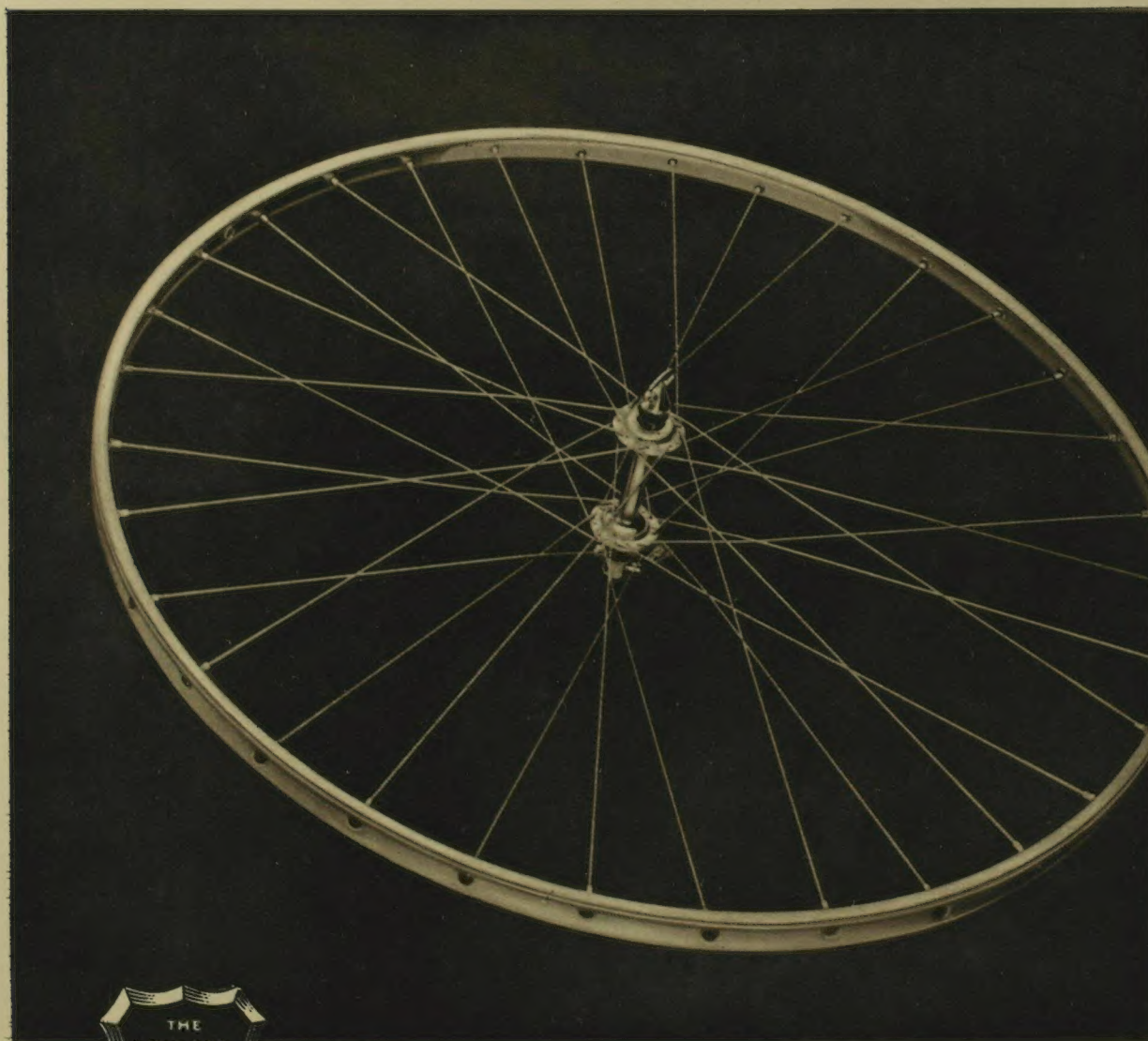
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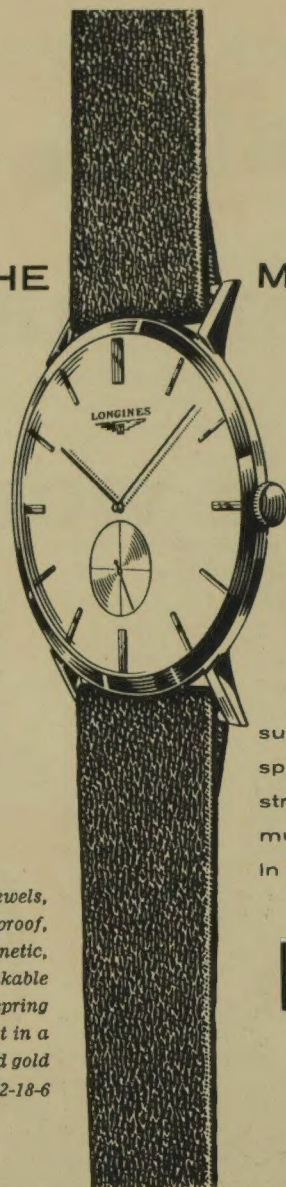
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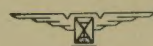
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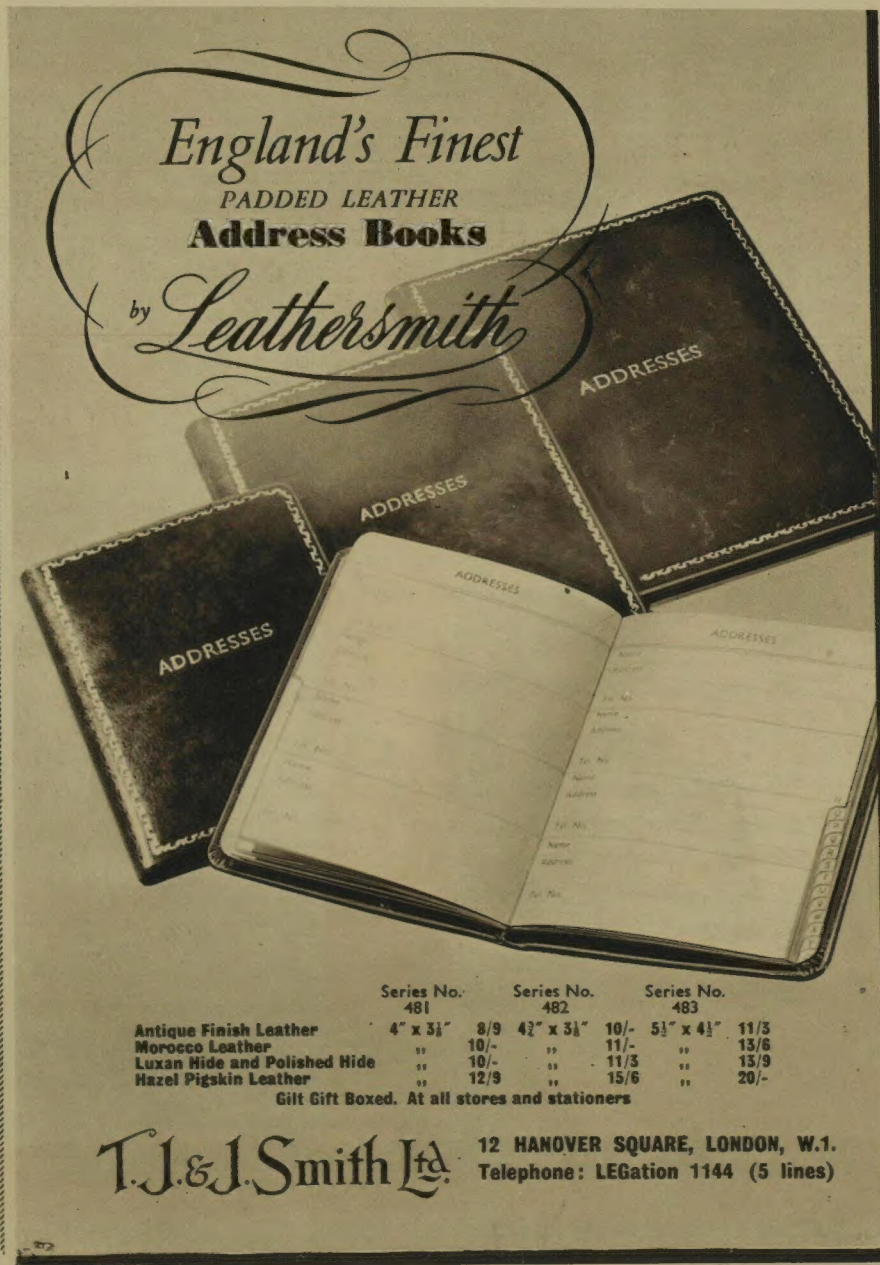
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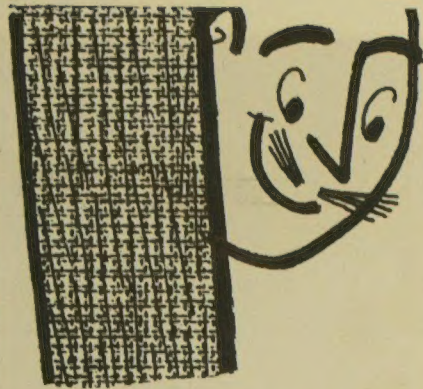
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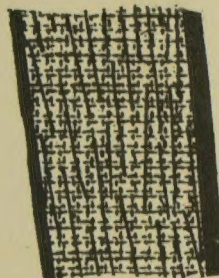
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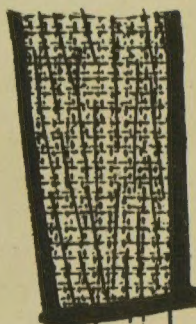
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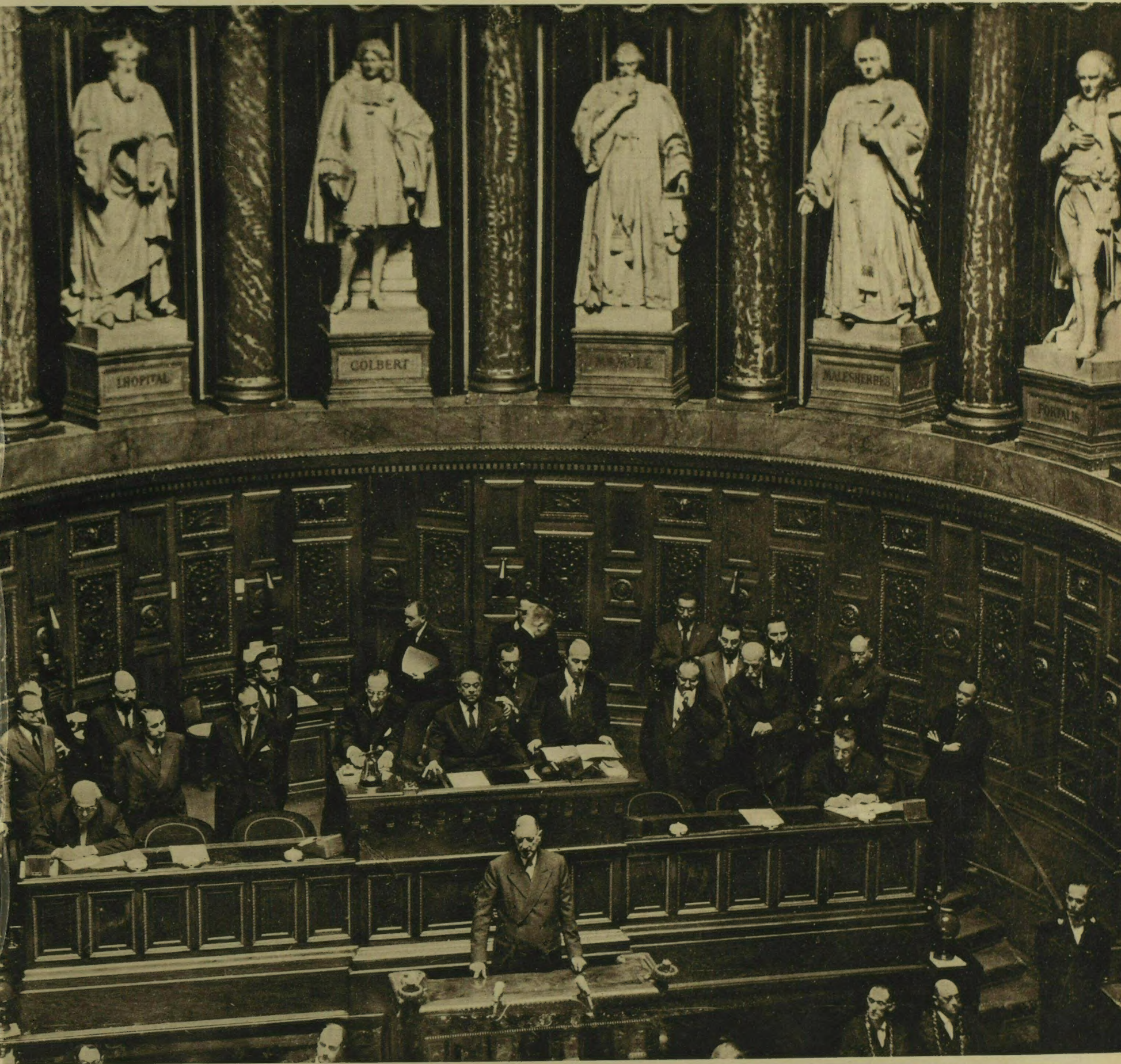
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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1958.



WITH THE STATUES OF FRENCH STATESMEN OF THE PAST LOOKING ON: GENERAL DE GAULLE ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL OF THE REPUBLIC ON JUNE 3. HE ASKED FOR "DELIBERATE AND MASSIVE SUPPORT" FOR HIS CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM PROPOSALS.

Having been voted to power as Prime Minister on June 1, General de Gaulle quickly put three vital proposals before the National Assembly on the following day. The first two Bills—on special powers in Algeria and on full powers for six months—passed the Assembly comparatively easily, but the third Bill—that dealing with constitutional reform—met with considerable opposition. This Bill proposed a revision of Article 90 of the existing Constitution in order to give the Government instead of the Assembly the responsibility for preparing the reform of the Constitution, so that the proposed reforms could be put before a referendum of the electorate. A committee of the Assembly proposed considerable amendments to this Bill, and in the evening General de

Gaulle went to the house and emphatically stated that he could not accept these amendments, and threatened to resign unless the Bill was passed. After further debate and another statement by the General the vote was taken at 1 a.m. and the Bill, as amended and approved by the Government, was passed by 350 votes to 163, thus securing the necessary two-thirds majority. Later that day the Bill was brought before the Council of the Republic, and, after an address by General de Gaulle asking for "deliberate and massive support," it was passed by 256 votes to 30. Having granted General de Gaulle the powers he demanded, the National Assembly met again on June 3 and adjourned itself until the autumn.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A WEEK or two ago I had the great good fortune and privilege to be present at the annual meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh and of witnessing the ceremonies that attend the brief residence during it of the Queen's Lord High Commissioner at the ancient Palace of Holyroodhouse. The combined effect of the Assembly's tremendous vigour and representative character and of the lovely and symbolic ceremonial of the old Scottish Royal Court, set against the background of historic Edinburgh—surely to-day the most beautiful and least spoilt capital city in Europe or, indeed, in the world—was to leave me with a deep sense of Scotland's greatness and inherent unity. This little proud nation, formerly so poverty stricken, that has had to struggle so hard through the ages to create and preserve its separate nationhood and that its giant neighbour has so often seemed on the point of swallowing, is to-day more triumphantly Scotland than at any time in its history. And though its population is little more than a tenth of that of England's, its identity and character are far more clearly recognisable. They certainly made one Englishman, moved by that poetry of heroism, struggle and triumphant achievement, feel both humble and not a little envious.

For where does England stand in comparison?

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"

There can scarcely be a Scot, however poor or ill-educated, who would deny the validity of the poet's lines. Yet to nine Englishmen out of ten, patriotism to-day seems either an extinct or a forbidden virtue. A man may love Scotland or Ireland, Egypt or India, China or Russia, but he can only love England, or admit that he does, at the expense of labelling himself a "blimp" and reactionary. Her so-called intellectuals almost to a man disapprove of any manifestation of affection for her and are usually united—it is the one thing that in peacetime seems invariably to unite them—in assuming that any policy that champions or pursues her corporate rights must automatically be wrong. Against my country, right or wrong, is the English "progressive's" rallying cry.

To what can this strange reversal of national attitude be due?—for it is the very opposite of that which prevailed when I was a boy. Partly, I think, to the disappearance of almost all the chief material assets that England enjoyed at the beginning of the century. Then she ruled the seas, was mistress of a vast Empire, and possessed immense wealth in the shape of a century's accumulation of overseas credit balances—the product of her people's titanic industry and enterprise during the Hanoverian and Victorian eras. To-day, as a result of her sacrifices in two successful wars fought to save the world from German totalitarian domination, she has surrendered her overseas investments and the trident of the seas to her more fortunate American ally, and, partly in deference to the same ally's prejudices and interests, has dissolved, or gone far towards dissolving, her overseas empire. Even Ireland, the key to her ocean gateway, has fallen from the

ancient imperial crown. Yet this shrinking of the English horizon, both political and geographical, has not, I suspect, been the only or even principal cause of the decline in English patriotic consciousness. It has been, indeed, a symptom rather than a cause of her people's *malaise*. The real reason was, I believe, that so many of the assumptions made in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras about England's greatness and splendour were false assumptions. It was all very well for her magnates to process in traditional state and costume to Abbey or Parliament House, to extol the freedom born of her rule of the seas, to proclaim the virtues of the ever-widening bounds of an empire on which the sun never set, but the bulk of her people, as a result of a century of ill-regulated industrial expansion, lived in drab urban slums or near slums on which the sun never even rose and in which opportunities of becoming conscious of the national heritage of realised visual

## GENERAL DE GAULLE IN ALGERIA.



ON ARRIVING AT ALGIERS AIRPORT ON JUNE 4: GENERAL DE GAULLE BEING WELCOMED BY GENERAL MASSU (CENTRE) AND M. DELBECQUE.

General Salan, General Massu, M. Delbecque and M. Soustelle were among the leaders of the Algerian revolt who gathered to welcome General de Gaulle on his arrival at Algiers Airport. Their welcome was the prelude to the French Prime Minister's triumphant 15-mile drive to the centre of the city. Thousands of Europeans and Moslems had gathered in the villages along the route and in the city dense crowds acclaimed him enthusiastically.

beauty and achievement were almost nil. In the more remote past there was scarcely an Englishman who did not live within daily sight of England's visible glories—of cathedral or village church tower, of green fields and clear streams and noble woods and avenues. By 1900 the familiar daily background to the lives of the vast majority of Englishmen was a smoke-grimed brick wall, an interminable vista of chimneys and a factory yard. It was wonderful what unity and sacrifice the accumulated reserves of English patriotism could still evoke in 1914 and even, under Churchill's inspired leadership and Hitler's threats and bludgeonings, in 1940. But the tradition and the love that animated had long been running down. Thanks to her leaders' neglect of it, her spiritual heritage had become a wasting asset.

If England is to become great again—and so much of mankind's immediate future depends, I believe, on her doing so—she has got to re-create that spiritual heritage. Her people both lack it and unconsciously feel the need for it. And the means of re-creating it are at hand. To-day

technical devices unknown to our forefathers and even to our fathers are available for making the achievements and spirit of England's past known to her people. Their numbers in the past century and a half have multiplied fourfold but the means of awakening, educating and inspiring them have multiplied as much and more. The cinema, the Press, radio, television, the internal-combustion engine, however shabbily or unimaginatively used at present, are all available as a mechanism for making Englishmen conscious of what their forbears bequeathed to them and of what they in their turn can enhance and transmit to their children. And how rich that English heritage is. There is not one English tradition alone; there are a hundred. The swollen vision of an unbounded and unreal grandeur and the immense accumulations of wealth and power that the Edwardians and late Victorians held out as an inducement to men to love their country had little in common with

older visions of English patriotism and idealism. The England that for the greater part of twenty-two years fought single-handed against a Revolutionary and Napoleonic France militant with three times her population to save her own and Europe's liberties was no omnipotent world-Power; nor was that which challenged the *Grande Monarque* a century earlier or, a century before that, threw down the gauntlet to imperial Spain. And what a different England to either ours or Queen Victoria's was that which, in the midst of a long and harrowing internecine war and in the shadow of a succession of great pestilences as destructive of human life and as horrible and terrifying as the atomic-bombs of our own age, raised the lovely Perpendicular churches and the stone manor houses and barns which, where they survive, are still, despite the magnificent architectural achievements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the supreme visible embodiment of the English genius. And what of the England that produced Shakespeare? or the England that produced Chaucer?—or that starker, more ancient English polity that under the Angevins created the Common Law by which we and a quarter of the world to-day live—the

grandest instrument for preserving and expanding the love and practice of liberty ever devised by man. And at the end of all, more than fourteen centuries ago, we come to the oldest England of all—that of our rude Anglo-Saxon forbears with their indomitable creed of steadfastness, of loyalty to chosen chief and comrade, of resolve to be worthy of manhood or die. "Never shall the steadfast men round Stourmere reproach me," cried the Essex thane as his earl fell in battle, "that I journey lordless home." On the battlefield of Maldon the outnumbered English fought on long after the Danes had triumphed, as their descendants were to do on the stricken hill at Hastings.

Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener,  
Mood shall be the more as our might lessens.

It was the tradition to which Churchill appealed when he rallied England, and with her the world, in 1940, and to which, in her hour of need, she has never yet failed to respond:



## GEN. DE GAULLE'S CABINET: NON-POLITICIANS CHOSEN; ANXIETY IN ALGIERS.



M. GUY MOLLET, THE SOCIALIST LEADER AND FORMER PRIME MINISTER: ONE OF THE FOUR MINISTERS OF STATE.



M. FELIX HOUPHOUËT-BOIGNY, WHO COMES FROM THE IVORY COAST AND BELONGS TO THE DEMOCRATIC AFRICAN RALLY: MINISTER OF STATE.



M. LOUIS JACQUINOT—A RIGHT-WING POLITICIAN WHO HOLDS MODERATE VIEWS ON ALGERIA: MINISTER OF STATE.



M. PIERRE PFLIMLIN, OF THE M.R.P., WHOSE COMING TO OFFICE AS PRIME MINISTER SPARKED OFF THE ALGERIAN RISING: MINISTER OF STATE.

THE names of the new Ministers and Secretaries of State of General de Gaulle's Government were announced by the President of the Assembly in Paris on June 1. There followed the Prime Minister-designate's speech and the Assembly's vote of 329 to 224 in favour of putting General de Gaulle back into power as Prime Minister. Perhaps the most striking feature of the new Ministry was that no appointments went to anyone connected with the rising in Algeria. This caused offence to M. Delbecq, Vice-President of the Algiers Committee of Public Safety, and during General de Gaulle's visit to Algeria the crowds frequently shouted in favour of M. Soustelle. M. Pflimlin, on the other hand, whose coming to

*(Continued opposite.)*

*Continued.]* office as Prime Minister led to the first disturbances in Algeria, and who had been hung in effigy in Algiers, was appointed one of the four new Ministers of State. The Ministry included some non-politicians: M. Couve de Murville, for instance, who is a Treasury official turned diplomatist, became Foreign Minister. The three other Ministers of State are M. Houphouët-Boigny, from the Ivory Coast; M. Jacquinot, of the right-wing; and M. Mollet, the Socialist former Prime Minister. The appointment of General Salan as Delegate-General of the Government in Algeria, was announced by General de Gaulle at Oran on June 6, when he also announced that he himself would remain in charge of Algerian affairs.



M. ANTOINE PINAY, CONSERVATIVE: MINISTER OF FINANCE. IT WAS M. PINAY WHO STABILISED THE FRANC IN 1952.



M. COUVE DE MURVILLE, A TREASURY OFFICIAL WHO BECAME A DIPLOMATIST: FOREIGN MINISTER.



M. MICHEL DEBRÉ, AN EX-GAULLIST, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



M. JEAN BERTHOIN, WHO IS A RADICAL SENATOR, WAS APPOINTED MINISTER OF EDUCATION.



M. EMILE PELLETIER, THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE, WHO BECAME MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. HE HAS LONG BEEN IN THE FRENCH CIVIL SERVICE.



## GENERAL DE GAULLE IN ALGERIA: HUGE CROWDS WELCOME THEIR PRIME MINISTER.



DURING GENERAL DE GAULLE'S SPEECH IN THE FORUM AT ALGIERS ON JUNE 4: JUBILANT MEMBERS OF THE CROWD GIVING THE "V" FOR VICTORY SIGN AND WAVING FLAGS.



PACKED TIGHT BEHIND ROWS OF PARATROOPERS AND OTHER SOLDIERS: PART OF THE CROWD OF SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND IN THE ALGIERS FORUM ON JUNE 4.



ON THE SECOND DAY OF GENERAL DE GAULLE'S VISIT TO ALGERIA: THE VAST CROWD WHICH HAD GATHERED TO HEAR HIM AT CONSTANTINE, IN THE CENTRE OF THE REBEL AREA.



DURING GENERAL DE GAULLE'S VISIT TO BONE ON JUNE 5: PART OF THE CROWD, AMONG THEM MANY MOSLEMS, LISTENING TO THE GENERAL IN THE TOWN HALL SQUARE.



SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN ALGIERS ON JUNE 4: THE GENERAL LAYING A WREATH DURING A CEREMONY AT THE WAR MEMORIAL—THE SPOT WHERE M. MOLLET HAD BEEN MOBBED AND PELTED SOME TWO YEARS AGO.



ON A DAIS DECORATED WITH THE CROSS OF LORRAINE: GENERAL DE GAULLE ADDRESSING THE CROWD IN ORAN ON JUNE 6, WHERE HE LATER ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD REMAIN PERSONALLY IN CHARGE OF ALGERIAN AFFAIRS.

Having completed his advent to power in France, General de Gaulle flew to Algeria on June 4 for a three-day visit. For the first time since his return to the centre of French politics the General was wearing uniform. His triumphant drive from the airport to the centre of the city provided an early indication of the warm welcome that the Algerians were to give the new Prime Minister. That evening a vast crowd thronged the Forum in Algiers to hear the General's speech, which, despite considerable ambiguity, was most

enthusiastically received. He opened with the words "I have understood you. I know what has happened here," and later continued, "I declare that from to-day France considers that in all Algeria there is only a single category of inhabitants—there are only Frenchmen, Frenchmen with full French citizenship." He praised the "magnificent work" of the Army in Algeria, and came to the most obscure passage in his speech when he stated that within three months all Frenchmen "including 10,000,000 Frenchmen of Algeria,"

[Continued opposite.]



# THREE DAYS IN ALGERIA: SCENES DURING GENERAL DE GAULLE'S VISIT.



AFTER VISITING THE CRUISER *DE GRASSE* IN ALGIERS HARBOUR: GENERAL DE GAULLE RETURNING TO HIS CAR WATCHED BY THE CRUISER'S CREW.



ON THE BALCONY OF THE THEATRE AT CONSTANTINE: GENERAL DE GAULLE SPEAKING TO THE CROWD WITH A BANNER OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY BEHIND HIM.



AMONG A PREDOMINANTLY MOSLEM CROWD AT THE CLOSE OF HIS ALGERIAN VISIT: GENERAL DE GAULLE SALUTING DURING HIS VISIT TO MOSTAGANEM ON JUNE 6, WHERE HE USED THE PHRASE "VIVE L'ALGERIE FRANCAISE" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

*Continued.* will have to decide their own destiny." Representatives will have to be elected and with these "we shall see what to do next." Referring to the Algerian rebels de Gaulle said to these "I open the door of reconciliation." In Algiers there were constant shouts of "*Algérie française*," and also cries of "Sous-telle," indicating the wish that he should be appointed Minister for Algeria. On his second day in Algeria, General de Gaulle visited Constantine and Bône, where he again spoke to huge and enthusiastic crowds, as he did in Oran on



AFTER ARRIVING AT ALGIERS AIRPORT ON JUNE 4: GENERAL DE GAULLE SHAKING HANDS WITH A MOSLEM MEMBER OF THE ALGERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY. THE GENERAL WORE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT HIS VISIT TO ALGERIA.

June 6 before returning by air to Paris. In these further speeches the General did little to clear the ambiguities of the first, though he appeared to be endorsing a policy of integration. Before leaving Oran he announced that he would remain personally in charge of Algerian affairs, with General Salan as his delegate-general. In his letter appointing General Salan, the Prime Minister made it clear that the committees of public safety must no longer usurp the powers of the authorities. Municipal elections are expected in about a month.



HOW pleasant it is to forget, be it but for an afternoon, with all respect to these notable men, General de Gaulle, President Chamoun, even Mr. K., even Mr. C.! They have no need to be jealous of our temporary escape. They will be back with us when we leave the arena, now overhung with a thin veil of smoke and dust, and open our evening newspaper. We have been in a world of fantasy, of pageantry, with now and then a touch of military realism, but a realism where things do not go wrong. We are never in doubt that the hero aboard the dynamite ship, fixing the tow-rope so that the ladies on the beach who have exchanged her Majesty's uniform for grass skirts will not be incommoded by an explosion—that this hero will be rescued by helicopter just in time.

I have met a few people who confess, blatantly or ashamedly according to temperament, that their brows are too high for the Royal Tournament. With all my physical and mental disadvantages, I am happy to say that I possess one feature, an expansible brow, which I regard as precious. My brow can be adjusted to the verses of Stéphane Mallarmé and the quips of Bud Flanagan. In any case, the Royal Tournament includes to-day, and has included as far as my long memory goes back, features which are enchantingly beautiful to eye and ear alike. As for the ear, while we may not take a very high place in the music of the nations, our military music is unsurpassed in both its refinement and its precision.

Again, if we take a display such as that of the Army Physical Training Corps, we see a brilliant spectacle which has no fantasy about it. What we see is taught, though naturally the mass of the pupils cannot perform the feats as they are performed by the instructors before us and in many cases cannot even attempt them. Here is the node from which spreads out into the Army the bodily fitness so necessary for efficiency, through the instructors of the Corps and those who pass on what they have learnt while attending its courses. Here is perhaps an extreme example of functional utility in a display, but it would be easy enough to find others only a little less striking.

However, we go for the show. Whatever may be the case when measuring by height of brows, its appeal when measured by the years of spectators is triumphant. Seven to seventy would be a moderate assessment. I had the best possible opportunity of realising the breadth of the span because on this occasion I was accompanied by a small grandson, who I knew had had exceptional opportunities of becoming an expert on helicopters but who none the less astonished me by his knowledge and matter-of-fact attitude to this part of the programme. However, ungiven as he is to expressing astonishment, he found a lot that was new and delightful. So did I, though I also

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

LEONATO. HOW MANY GENTLEMEN HAVE YOU LOST IN THIS ACTION?  
MESSENGER. BUT FEW OF ANY SORT. *Much Ado About Nothing.*

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

found much that was very familiar indeed. That venerable naval gun-race!

My favourite events are closely akin, two versions by two arms of virtually the same thing: the Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry and the Musical Drive by the King's Troop, R.H.A. In their cases there is nothing functional. It is military pageantry pure and simple, though the uniforms of the Life Guards and the Blues are still their full dress, and this one troop of the R.H.A. is allowed to retain the uniform which within my memory was that of all horse gunners. As the notes of "Light Cavalry" or of "Lilliburlero" greet our ears, our eyes are charmed by highly-trained and well-ridden horses performing evolutions which—especially in the case of the gunners—would result in horrible accidents if a

this was a special feature of the afternoon. Each of us had, and was conscious of, a link with the Royal Marines in the generation between us. And this was an event which producers and actors had made as realistic as it was humanly possible to do to an operation which might have been carried out on a cliff in Devonshire or Cornwall.

It demanded as much skill and nerve as the Musical Drive, perhaps even more, but it came near to the real thing in Commando warfare, a form which is very much alive. We were both glad that we had a green beret in the family, though at the moment the right to wear it on special occasions only.

"Rotor Rescue," by the Royal Navy's Commando Carrier Task Force, has already been mentioned at the beginning of this article. It was the most ambitious and the most complex item on the programme and credibly whispered to have been prepared on the initiative of the First Sea Lord. Ambition was most notable in the fact that it was produced on two scales: genuine helicopters and also miniature ones, with miniature models of ships. As an experiment it was a success and one

which suggests future developments. H.M.S. *Bulwark* played her part as effectively as the actors and actresses. We might perhaps have had a longer view of the hula-hula-lasses before the catastrophe.

I cannot hope to compete with the excellent official programme and will not try to. I say nothing of the bands within the arena or seated outside it except that I enjoyed them. Before I end, however, I must add a few words about the main objects of the Royal Tournament. One is, of course, entertainment, but behind this are two others. The first is to keep the public in touch with the armed forces. The second is equally important. It is the support of the Service charities. As Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein points out, the Royal Tournament has been carrying out these two tasks since the year 1880. This is a



AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN 1890: "NO. 10 MOUNTAIN BATTERY PASSING OVER A SPAR BRIDGE CROSSING A BREAK IN A MOUNTAIN PASS"—A DRAWING REPRODUCED FROM *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* OF JUNE 28, 1890. The eleventh annual Royal Military Tournament was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on June 18, 1890, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. "There were," to quote from *The Illustrated London News* of the time, "jousts, combats and games, and the modern art of war was illustrated in the arena by the cream of the British military forces." In 1896 the Royal Navy took part in the Tournament for the first time, and it became known as "The Royal Naval and Military Tournament." In 1906 the Tournament moved from Islington to Olympia, where it stayed till 1950, when it was moved to Earls Court. Since 1920, after the inclusion of the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force, it has been known simply as the "Royal Tournament."

man lost his head or a horse failed to respond to the aids.

In another event which made a great appeal to me—that of the R.A.F. Police Dogs—I did witness an unrehearsed turn which fortunately ended without bloodshed. Coming in, one dog had recognised a foe. At the first opportunity he slipped his handler, made for the far end of the arena, and got to grips with the other dog without a moment's hesitation. It took much energy to stop this private war. Yet the discipline as well as the athletic prowess of these dogs was wonderful. In an entirely different background a beautifully-trained black Alsatian dealt with night intruders in a way which will encourage no one to intrude upon the R.A.F.

The loudest cheer I heard heralded the Commando Raid. Perhaps there were a good few Marines present. To my grandson and myself

period of seventy-nine years, though only the sixty-eighth year of the Tournament because of intervals in which the Forces were otherwise engaged.

Even in Forces now well paid, this charitable feature is very important and greatly to be commended. But the utilitarian factor can be taken in the spectator's stride. He will be making his contribution without noticing it and will be getting good entertainment. I hope the quality will be maintained. Who knows, some of the younger spectators this year may see an R.A.F. "project"—as I am sure we shall call it in our fidelity to American linguistic inventions—a trip to the moon and the conveyance back to base of a casualty who has fallen into a lunar crater. All the items are always more or less escapist, even when we bring in a *Bloodhound* missile, but what should we do without some escapism? So let the Musical Drive follow the Lunar Project.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



BERGEN, NORWAY. THE VIKINGS SET OUT TO INVADe AMERICA: A REPLICA VIKING SHIP *THE VIKINGS*, LEAVING BERGEN HARBOUR ON A TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING. *The Vikings*, with a crew of seven men, sailed from Norway on June 4 and hoped to reach New York in about twenty-five days' time, although supplies for forty-five days were carried. The ship was carrying gifts to the Mayor of New York.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. AFTER HER LAUNCHING AT CITY ISLAND ON JUNE 3: *COLUMBIA*, ONE OF THE NEW U.S. YACHTS BUILT AS CANDIDATES FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE AMERICA'S CUP. There are four possible candidates to defend the America's Cup against the British challenger *Sceptre*. These are the nineteen-year-old *Vim*, the newly-launched *Columbia*, *Weatherly*, scheduled for launching on June 24, and *Easterner*, which is far from complete. Elimination trials start on July 12.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. COMINGS AND GOINGS AT THE CAPITAL: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER GREETING PRESIDENT HEUSS, (RIGHT), ON HIS ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON. The three-day State visit of President Heuss to America ended on June 7, and Mr. Dulles, who saw him off, was able a few minutes later to welcome Mr. Macmillan, whose arrival had been scheduled for three hours earlier but had been delayed by his aircraft turning back for repairs. On June 8, Mr. Macmillan visited DePauw University, in Indiana.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. ARRIVING AT THE CAPITAL A FEW MINUTES AFTER PRESIDENT HEUSS HAD LEFT: MR. MACMILLAN GREETED AT THE AIRPORT BY MR. DULLES (RIGHT) WHEN HE ARRIVED, FROM LONDON, AFTER A THREE-HOUR DELAY, ON JUNE 7.



DETROIT, U.S.A. THE LARGEST AND LONGEST SHIP EVER BUILT ON THE GREAT LAKES: THE 729-FT.-LONG FREIGHTER *EDMUND FITZGERALD*, 26,000 TONS, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER LAUNCHING ON JUNE 7. THE SHIP WAS LAUNCHED SIDWAYS, AND ABOUT TWO MONTHS' WORK IS NEEDED BEFORE COMPLETION.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. *EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND* IN COURSE OF TRANSFORMATION INTO *HANSEATIC*: THE FORMER CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER (26,313 TONS), BOUGHT IN JANUARY BY THE HAMBURG-ATLANTIC LINE, IS BEING REBUILT AND MODERNISED IN A HAMBURG SHIPYARD.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



**CYPRUS.** AFTER CLASHES BETWEEN TURKISH AND GREEK CYPRIOTS: BRITISH ARMY VEHICLES HELPING GREEK-CYPRIOTS WHOSE HOMES WERE THREATENED BY FIRE.

Four Greek-Cypriots were killed and some seventy people injured during riots in Cyprus on June 7 and 8. Two of the deaths occurred in Nicosia, where Turkish-Cypriots rioted and attacked buildings, cars and buses and engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with Greek-Cypriots near the Famagusta Gate. The situation was eventually brought under control by British troops.



**CYPRUS.** SET ON FIRE BY TURKISH RIOTERS IN NICOSIA: THE GUTTED GREEK-CYPRIOT OLYMBIOS SPORTS CLUB. GUARDED BY STEEL-HELMETED BRITISH TROOPS.



**NORWAY.** IN THE BELIEF THAT "A COCK WILL CROW WHEN PASSING OVER A DEAD BODY": A COCK BEING USED TO DRAG A FJORD DURING A SEARCH FOR A DROWNED MAN.

A Norwegian legend avers that a cock will crow when passing over a dead body. Recently when a man was drowned in a fjord in Western Norway this belief was put to the test and a cock in a cage was moved across the fjord on a long rope. The cock, however, did not crow, but neither was the dead man's body recovered.



**AUSTRIA.** AT ASPERN AIRPORT, NEAR VIENNA: THE TWIN-ENGINE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH THREE PASSENGERS FORCED THE PILOT TO ALTER COURSE AND LAND IN AUSTRIA.

On June 2, three Czech passengers, two men and a woman armed with toy pistols, held up the pilot of a Czech aircraft on a journey between Budejovice and Olomouc and forced him to land near Vienna. The passengers asked for political asylum, but the pilot wanted to return home.



**HOLLAND.** NEAR THE HOOK OF HOLLAND: THE NORWEGIAN TANKER ARTEMIS ABLAZE AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH ANOTHER NORWEGIAN VESSEL.

On June 7 the Norwegian tanker *Artemis* (10,945 tons), loaded with oil, caught fire after colliding with another Norwegian vessel near the Hook of Holland. Water-boats were quickly on the scene but the fire was not finally extinguished until next day, when tugs towed the hull to a buoy near Rotterdam.



**THE U.S.** AN ATLAS MISSILE STREAKING SKYWARDS THROUGH CLOUDS OF STEAM FROM THE WATER USED TO COOL THE LAUNCHING PAD.

This photograph shows a U.S.A.F. *Atlas* missile taking off on a test flight at Cape Canaveral on June 3. The clouds of steam are produced by the vast quantities of water with which the launching pad has to be cooled during the time that the rocket engines take to develop sufficient thrust to lift the giant missile.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.

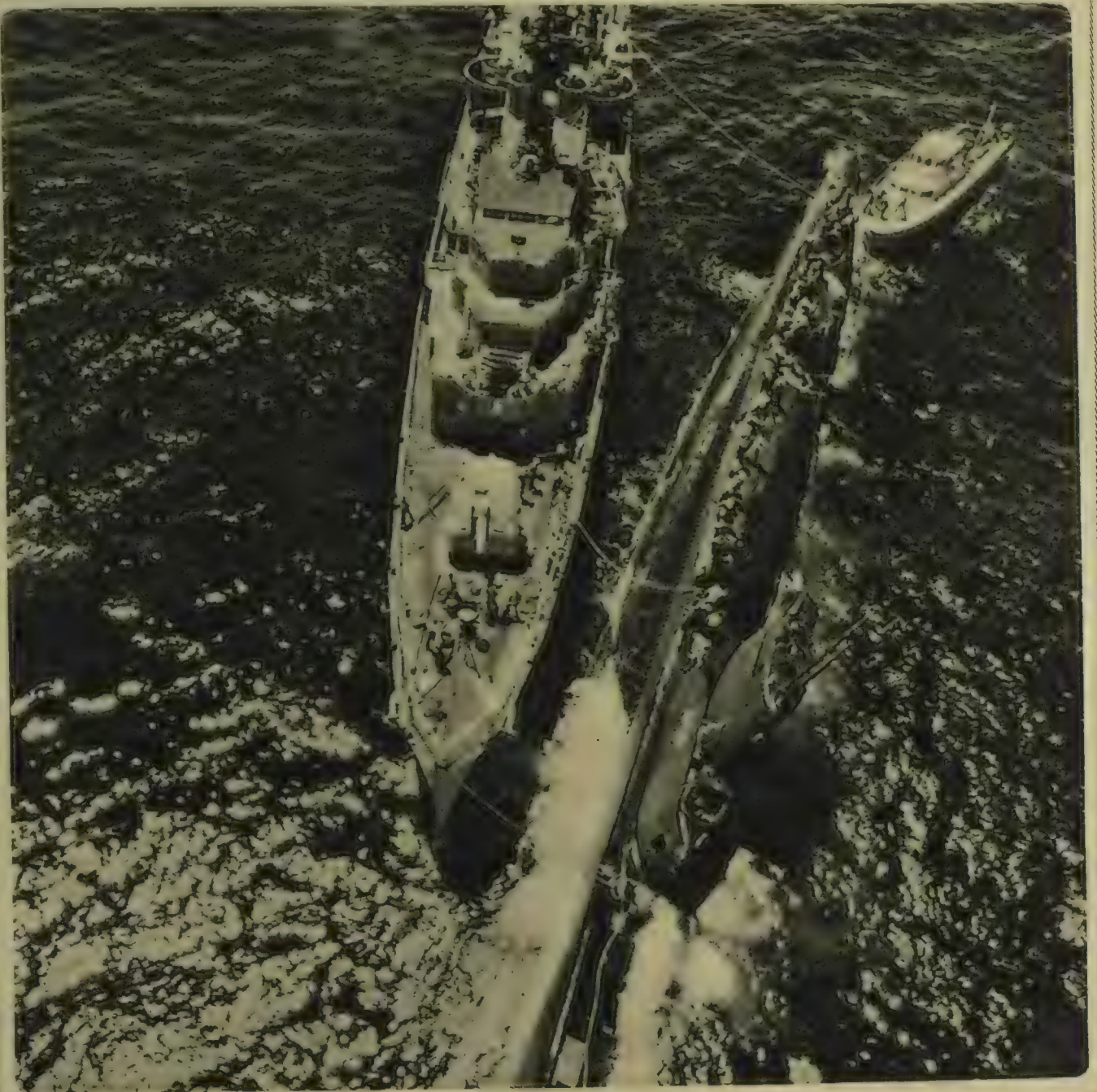
(Right.)  
HAWAIIAN WATERS.  
BEING ASSISTED BY THE  
DESTROYER ESCORT  
*SILVERSTEIN* WHICH  
HAD RAMMED HER: THE  
U.S. SUBMARINE *STICKLE-  
BACK* (WHICH LATER  
SANK) SEEN LISTING TO  
PORT.

On May 30 the U.S. submarine *Stickleback* (1526 tons) was rammed by the destroyer escort *Silverstein* during manoeuvres some nineteen miles south-west of Pearl Harbour, in the Hawaiian Islands. The submarine was partly underwater when *Silverstein* struck her. She came to the surface and was tied up alongside the destroyer while her crew of seventy-four men and eight officers were all rescued. Some five hours after she was rammed the submarine toppled over and sank in waters nearly two miles deep.

(Below.)

HAWAII. WITH 1102 MEN PARADED ON HER FLIGHT-DECK TO SPELL OUT "ARIZONA": THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *BENNINGTON* STEAMING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF U.S.S. *ARIZONA* AT PEARL HARBOUR ON MAY 31.

The wreck of the battleship *Arizona* acts as a constant reminder of Japan's treacherous attack on the American base at Pearl Harbour on December 7, 1941. 1102 men went down with *Arizona*, and when the United States aircraft-carrier *Bennington* was in the area during recent operations she steamed slowly past the wreck with 1102 of her complement formed up to spell the name *Arizona* as a mark of respect to the ill-fated battleship.





## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



TOKYO, JAPAN. THE VENUE OF THE THIRD ASIAN GAMES, WHICH OPENED IN TOKYO ON MAY 24. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE STADIUM, WITH FOREGROUND (LEFT) GYMNASIUM AND (RIGHT) THE POOL. Dominant among these three principal buildings connected with the Asian Games, is the stadium, which has a capacity of 70,000 spectators. The building in the right foreground is a covered swimming-pool. The Games were marked by the issue of four special Japanese stamps.



ROME, ITALY. LOOKING DOWN FROM ONE OF THE UPPER ARCHES OF THE COLOSSEUM ON THE VIA IMPERIALE AND THE TROOPS TAKING PART ON JUNE 2 IN THE PARADE CELEBRATING THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC. ABOUT 10,000 SERVICEMEN TOOK PART.



PARIS, FRANCE. THE FINANCIAL WORLD'S RESPONSE TO THE NEW DE GAULLE REGIME: THE SCENE IN THE BOURSE WITH STOCKBROKERS CLUSTERED AROUND THE CIRCULAR CORBEILLE. On June 2, when this photograph was taken, a record number of brokers attended the Paris Bourse and the day was marked by a sharp increase in share prices, particularly in oil and North African issues. This area is the *parquet*, reserved to *agents de change*, the circular railing being the *corbeille*.



OREGON, U.S.A. LIKE A SCROLL DECORATION TO THE CITY: PORTLAND'S NEW MORRISON STREET BRIDGE, WITH ITS GRACEFULLY UNFOLDING LINES OF TRAFFIC. THE NEW BRIDGE, WHICH IS STATED TO HAVE COST 12,000,000 DOLLARS, REPLACES THE SWING-BRIDGE ON THE RIGHT.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. THE THIRD SPUTNIK IN FULL-SCALE MODEL FORM: ONE OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE 1958 INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION WHICH OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON MAY 31. Among the most interesting exhibits at the Moscow Industrial Exhibition was that illustrating Russia's excursions into outer space, which included models of the three Sputniks; but a great deal of space was also devoted to motor cars, automation and the chemical industry.



## KEMAL ATATÜRK AND MODERN TURKEY.

"PHOENIX ASCENDANT: THE RISE OF MODERN TURKEY." By IRFAN ORGA.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

CAPTAIN ORGA, who is fifty years old, comes of an eminent Turkish family, went to the Turkish equivalent of Sandhurst, transferred to the Turkish Air Force, and then resigned his commission. He resigned in order to write. He lives in England now, and has published four books before this one, two of them about Turkish Cookery. He has now taken a larger theme for his subject, namely the rise of Modern Turkey. That might well have been the main title rather than the sub-title of his book: which might have been even more appropriately named "The Life and Work of Mustafa Kemal." He is very modest about his justification for producing one more book about the Near (now preposterously called the Middle) East. "There must be at least a score of books available to the interested English reader on the subject of Turkey. However, this has not deterred me from adding one more for, with the exception of Halide Edib's 'Turkish Ordeal,' published many years ago by John Murray, I believe there are no other books on this subject written by Turks, in English. This does not imply that the Turk has a special knowledge of his country and its personages denied to foreigners; in fact the contrary often applies. But it does imply that the range of the foreign writer is limited for, however he looks at them, events will tend to be coloured by his own ideology. In consequence, he tends generally to view the Turks with contempt or admiration, inclining in either state of mind to over-emphasis. This leads one section of English readers to look upon the Turks as semi-barbarians, and the other to regard them as a progressive modern nation, with all the amenities of civilised life. The truth, I am inclined to think, lies mid-way between the two extremes—barbarity is dying out, and the modern, progressive nation is confined to the cities and a few large towns."

Captain Orga gives us a very compressed history of the swarming of the nomads, first the Seljuks and then the Ottomans, from the arid wastes of East Central Asia into Asia Minor and, ultimately, Constantinople—which involved the inheritance of a great deal of Byzantinism by the Turkish Court and Government. He describes the formation of that extraordinary corps of Janisaries, who were formed from little captive Christian boys who were brought up as fanatical Moslems and became a sort of Praetorian Guard. We have a glimpse of Suleiman the Magnificent, but by page 27 we reach Abdul Hamid the Second, known, not unreasonably, in England as "Abdul the Damned"; and on page 28 we reach the year 1881 which the author says is "the most important year in modern Turkish history."

That was the year of Mustafa Kemal's birth. The manner in which Captain Orga heralds it suggests that he is all too familiar with the methods of modern English and American biography. This is how he begins: "Salonica, the year 1881. In the Turkish quarter the houses were tall and narrow, upper stories projecting over the street in the slatternly, intimate manner of Oriental architecture, windows tightly grilled with kafes (wooden lattice work). Plane-trees threw long shades in summer, the cobblestones—broken here and there—made footsteps ring; cool looking and smooth they glistened in the sun but in winter, when the gaunt branches of the plane-trees supplicated the sky, they flooded in the rains, the broken ones making small seas of mud for the mangy dogs to roll in. Winter or summer was much the same to the residents. This quietly rotting backwater of the Ottoman Empire seemed neglected by God and man alike. The children who lingered at corners made grave play with contrivances roughly hewn by fathers who had never seen the originals excepting in pictures. The children dashed their pieces of wood into the puddles amongst the cobblestones and with

decorous squeals of delight imagined the Fleet of their Sultan. There was always a mosque within sight—rotund, curvaceous—with a tapering minaret or two and an elegantly wrought fountain in a courtyard to quench the thirst of travellers. There was always an Imam, too, to slip-slop down the street in muffled footwear, to symbolise dignity with his flowing beard, purity with his liquid voice intoning from the Koran and something less fastidious when his greasy fingers strayed across a childish face. Wild pear-trees flourished in ragged gardens, bunches of dried herbs depended from the ceilings of dim kitchens. The local pump, rusted, was the meeting place for the tightly veiled women, drab in their shapeless clothes, who



MUSTAFA KEMAL DURING WORLD WAR I.



ATATÜRK (CENTRE) ATTENDING ARMY MANOEUVRES.

Illustrations from the book "Phoenix Ascendant: The Rise of Modern Turkey," by courtesy of the Publisher, Robert Hale.

gathered there each dusk to fill their earthenware jars and exchange the gossip of the day. In the cafés the old men twirled their amber beads and spoke of the difficulty of living. There were no magnates. Most of them were very poor and only one or two in every district knew local eminence."

This eloquent picturesqueness, happily, is not sustained. We are given a concise history of the Turkish revolt against Abdul Hamid, of Mustafa Kemal's early career, of his military triumphs in Gallipoli, and against the Russians on the Caucasus front, whither Enver had sent him, partly because of

rivalry, and partly because of the future Atatürk's open detestation of the German over-lords. The Turks were having a dreadful time "High up on the Russian passes, swept by blizzards and icy, snow-laden winds, the flower of the Turkish Army withered and died. In one place 66,000 Turks had frozen to death; nearly 30,000 had frozen to death in their barracks, huddled together like animals seeking warmth, and Erzurum, Van, Bitlis, Muş were taken by the Russians, almost unopposed."

Kemal took over, as was his nature to do, an almost desperate situation, and turned defeat into victory, helped by the fact that the Russian Army was already being rotted by revolutionary ideas. Thenceforward his career centred on the establishment of the New Turkey, with Headquarters in Ankara, with the quite ghastly interruption by the Greek invasion of Asia Minor, fomented by the dreamer Venizelos and Lloyd George. That was a war quite bestially and mercilessly waged by both sides, Kemal won it as usual, and continued to keep his grip on the turbulent National Assembly.

What sort of man was he? Years ago I remember an Englishman writing a book about him called "Grey Wolf." It was to me utterly unconvincing: it portrayed Atatürk as a man who worked all day in the interests of his resuscitated nation, spent his nights in the wildest debauchery, and was then up at five in the morning to ride around and inspect the progress of his latest works. I simply couldn't swallow it: there are limits beyond which no man can go. Yet Captain Orga himself, who knew his elder Atatürk well, does not fully explain the enigma. Kemal was evidently a passionate Nationalist who wanted to Westernise his people: remarkable speeches are quoted here, in which he urged (while flourishing a Panama hat in his hand) the abolition of the fez, and the unveiling of women, the veiling of whom he thought degrading to both sexes. When not called to action, he relaxed into utter debauchery. Officially he was quite materialistic and against all the standards of religion. But look at this glimpse of the revolutionary: "I remember once meeting him in the Officers' Club in Eskişehir, where he had paid a flying visit. He said to me, apropos of a conversation on Francis Thompson's 'The Hound of Heaven,' which he had read in the French: "Do you believe in God, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," I replied.

"He stared at me for a second or two, then he smiled and replied: 'You may wrest a new nation out of the ruins of an old but there are

some things you will never be able to destroy; the very stones are permeated with them. Belief in God is one of them. It outlasts everything else. But remember, Lieutenant, that in the storm of battle, God and country sometimes seem to be the same thing.'"

I conceive that the future may produce a more illuminating study of Atatürk, but I don't expect a more sympathetic and affectionate one.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1028 of this issue.

\* "Phoenix Ascendant: the Rise of Modern Turkey." By Irfan Orga. Illustrated. (Robert Hale; 18s.)





AS IT WILL BE—LONDON'S NEW AIRPORT AT GATWICK, WHICH WAS TO BE OPENED BY

Gatwick Airport, as reported in our last issue, was to be officially opened by the Queen on June 9. The first passengers, troops arriving from Malta and Gibraltar, passed through the Airport on May 30. During the last two-and-a-half years over £7 million have been spent in creating this new airport for London. It is situated not far from the old and smaller Gatwick Airport, and from the terminal there is immediate access to the main Brighton-London road and railway, the road having been recently diverted to skirt the airfield. The rail journey to Victoria, 25 miles away, takes about 35 minutes, and there are fairly frequent trains. Besides being easily accessible by both rail

and road, Gatwick boasts one of the most modern airport telecommunication organisations in the world, having radar capable of controlling approaching aircraft up to 50 miles away. Although the Airport is already in use, it is being constructed in two stages, and there still remain to be added large extensions to the airport buildings and, possibly, another runway and apron system similar to the existing one, on the other side of the control tower. At first, Gatwick is to be used for British European Airways' scheduled services to the Channel Islands, operations of independent air companies and the aircraft diverted from London Airport. Later it is to handle some of the

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.A., A.A.



THE QUEEN ON JUNE 9: A DRAWING SHOWING THE EASY ACCESS TO ROAD AND RAILWAY.

B.E.A. cross-Channel services. The runway of 7000 ft. is long enough and strong enough for use by all medium-range aircraft of the foreseeable future and by most existing types of long-range aircraft at full load. All existing types of civil aircraft can use it for landing, and the larger jet airliners of the future will be able to land at maximum landing weight. The east-west runway is connected to the main apron, where another interesting feature of Gatwick, a 900-ft-long glazed pier or finger, provides completely enclosed access from the terminal building to aircraft for passengers. Two other fingers, one to either side, are to join the first under the second-stage development

with the co-operation of Frederick Snow and Partners.

scheme. Passing under the finger is a one-storey building, planned round a courtyard, in which are the meteorological and operations rooms. The terminal building is of a striking, modern design, and was begun just under a year ago. It has been designed for the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation by Messrs. Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall, in collaboration with Frederick Snow and Partners, the consulting engineers. The contractors for the terminal building are the Turfitt Construction Corporation Ltd. Mr. Davis's drawing, although not showing the second-stage extensions, includes some buildings which have not yet been constructed.



# THE 1958 DERBY: A GREAT WIN FOR A FAMOUS JOCKEY ON *HARD RIDDEN*.



A CLEAR WIN BY 5 LENGTHS: *HARD RIDDEN*, WITH CHARLIE SMIRKE UP, PASSING THE WINNING POST IN THIS YEAR'S DERBY.



A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH FOR OWNER AND JOCKEY: *HARD RIDDEN* BEING LED INTO THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE BY SIR VICTOR SASSOON.

IN spite of the London bus strike, a large crowd, encouraged, no doubt, by the fine weather, gathered at Epsom on June 4 for the Derby, which was won by *Hard Ridden*. The winner is owned by Sir Victor Sassoon, was trained in Ireland by J. M. Rogers and ridden by Charlie Smirke. The race was a triumph for Sir Victor Sassoon, it being his third Derby win in six years, and for Charlie Smirke, who has now ridden the winner four times. It was the first time the Derby had been won by an Irish-trained horse since the success of *Orby* in 1907, and in second place was another Irish-trained horse, *Paddy's Point*, an outsider. In third place was *Nagami*. *Hard Ridden* was bought as a yearling by Sir Victor Sassoon for only 270 guineas and was valued after the race at over £20,000. Charlie Smirke's win confirmed his reputation as one of the great jockeys of the century. After the race he announced that he would probably retire at the end of the year.



BEFORE THE RACE: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET EXAMINE THE TURF. BEHIND, IS THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.





ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL STAND AT EPSOM FOR THE DERBY: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET, AFTER THEY HAD DRIVEN DOWN THE COURSE FROM TATTENHAM CORNER.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present at the Derby, and were accompanied by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Royal. The Queen's colt, *Miner's Lamp*, only succeeded in sharing sixth place. *Hard Ridden*, the winner, passed the winning-post five lengths in front of *Paddy's Point*, which was closely pursued by a large group all vying for third place, which went to *Nagami*. In the group was *Miner's Lamp*, accompanied by *Baroco II*, *Guersillus* and

*Alberta Blue*. Just behind *Alberta Blue* was *Noelcor II*. The Royal party travelled from Victoria by train to Tattenham Corner, and then drove down the course in six cars to the Royal stand. On the roads approaching Epsom there had been a considerable congestion of traffic, partly due to the strike of the London busmen. The Prime Minister, who was accompanied by Lady Macmillan and who had earlier in the day presided over a Cabinet meeting after seeing the T.U.C. delegation, was also at Epsom for the Derby.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALTHOUGH one of the most undecorative things in all the garden—except in some cases the house—a greenhouse is surely one of the most desirable, and the most

useful from the gardener's point of view. When, some ten years ago, I came to my present Cotswold home, which is an old farmhouse, there was little garden and no greenhouse. In a walled yard, however, there were some loose-boxes, built against the south-facing wall, and these I swapped away with a local builder. He took the loose-boxes and in exchange built a lean-to greenhouse in their place. I have not the least doubt that he got the best of the bargain—from his point of view—but as, from my point of view, I, too, got the best of the bargain, honours were even, as they always should be in rackets of this sort.

One advantage in having a cold greenhouse of this kind is that it prolongs the season of one's home-grown tomatoes, and the special joy of having the home-grown crop is that one can leave the fruit hanging until it is fully dead ripe, in which state the flavour is far finer than it ever is in bought tomatoes. Tomatoes grown for market are gathered directly they have reached their full size, weight and colour, which is a good while before they have reached perfection for table purposes. In my lean-to unheated greenhouse, therefore, I usually grow half a dozen tomatoes in big pots, standing on the staging and train them up just under the glass. Another luxury crop that I grow in this house is a strawberry vine. The ripening of this delicious little grape grown on a wall in the open in this part of the world is a little uncertain, though last summer I saw a fine, well-coloured crop in a neighbour's garden.

But in the cold greenhouse the ripening is a sure thing. The strawberry grape is not as well known and as much grown as it well might be. The bunches are small, averaging about a pound in weight. The berries, too, are smallish, and of a curious grizzled reddish colour. They are sweet and juicy. But their outstanding virtue is their flavour, which is that of strawberry. My strawberry vine has three stems—rods is, I believe, the correct technical term—two running the whole length of the wall of the greenhouse, and the third carried along just under the glass. Apart from the delicious true strawberry flavour of this grape, it is pleasant and amusing to give the grapes to friends who do not know the variety—and few do—and to watch their astonishment and delight on first tasting them. At Stevenage strawberry grapes ripened well on a south wall, and even better on the tarred, featherboard wall of a friend's barn.

I find my cold greenhouse excellent for growing and flowering *Nerines*, especially the hardy *N. bowdenii* hybrid "Hera," with its giant trusses of rich cherry-red lily flowers. I tried some of the not hardy hybrids such as "Rotherside" and "Stephanie," but the winter before last I had a lot of losses among these, so that now I keep them in the cold-house for summer sun-roasting and autumn flowering,

## COLD GREENHOUSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and then in late autumn when frost danger threatens I bring them indoors to winter on window-sills.

*Nerine bowdenii* and its superior form *N.b.* "Fenwick's Variety" have proved perfectly hardy here in the Cotswolds, and so, too, is the even finer hybrid, *Nerine* x "Hera." I have had it planted out in stiff, rather stony, loam in a bed at the foot of a south wall, and have never lost a bulb

there. I have seen it flourishing quite unharmed in a garden in Yorkshire. I find my cold greenhouse an invaluable place for hybridising primulas, especially those of the *Auricula* persuasion, and the hybrid *Primula pubescens* types, and in addition I do a good deal of plant propagation there, raising seeds, striking cuttings, and so forth, whilst a good many not quite hardy plants in pots are wintered there.



"THAT LOVELY ROSE 'LADY SYLVIA'": A DEEP FLESH-PINK HYBRID TEA, WHICH IS EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD UNDER GLASS, AND PRODUCES DELIGHTFUL SPRAYS FOR CUTTING.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

Just at the present time the house is proving useful by providing cut flowers for the house, and those flowers are roses. About four years ago I struck a cutting of that lovely rose "Lady Sylvia," and having struck it I planted the youngster in a 2-ft. bed at the foot of the back wall of the house. There it has flourished extremely well, and has made a hearty bush over 5 ft. tall. Last autumn I forgot to prune "Lady Sylvia," in fact for a whole year the only pruning the bush has received has come from the constant cutting of the flowers, often in sprays carrying five or six or more open and half-open blossoms and a good quota of green, unopened buds. It is curious, by the by, what a prejudice some gardeners and flower-lovers have against gathering roses with even as many as two or three buds. They would rather not gather a rose at all if it entailed the sacrifice of a bud with it, or they would fall back on the barbarous practice of gathering the rose with a useless little 3- or 4-in. stem, and leave the accompanying bud to open later. And what can one do with a rose with no proper length of stem?

Some roses produce their flowers singly, on good useful long stems. But not so with "Lady Sylvia." Ever since early May she has been producing sprays of blossom and bud, on tremendously long, strong stems, and I have been gathering them mercilessly for the house and to give away, and the more I cut the more sprays are pushed up. Placed quite simply in a vase, two or three together, such sprays of rose-bud and blossom are to me more interesting and beautiful than if they were compelled, in the modern manner, to take part in an "arrangement" with all the mannerisms of the more florid forms of millinery. It has been pleasant to have roses so early in the year, just as it is pleasant to have a few dishes of strawberries a few weeks before the season really opens. But before very long my "Lady Sylvia" will have to take her place with all the other roses in the open garden. Already, some of those tough and hardy types, the Scotch briars, are braving the rigours of the first days of June as though it were not June but—Madeira.

Apart from its usefulness from the purely horticultural point of view, what a blessing it is to be able to go out to one's cold greenhouse and potter, on days when the weather is such that the "coldness" of the cold-house seems positively genial in comparison. Even when the weather is at its most outrageous, one can weed and wield the widgeon in comfort, under glass, and regard the horrid turmoil outside with feelings of smug scorn and derision.

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A NOBLE LANDMARK AT THE EASTERN ENTRY TO THE CENTRE OF OXFORD: MAGDALEN TOWER—WITH MAGDALEN BRIDGE IN THE FOREGROUND.



A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE FROM ADDISON'S WALK, SHOWING THE BRIDGE ACROSS A BRANCH OF THE CHERWELL.

#### VIEWS OF MAGDALEN, ONE OF OXFORD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COLLEGES, WHICH WAS FOUNDED IN 1458.

The year 1458 is traditionally accepted as the foundation date of Magdalen College, and various celebrations, described on an accompanying page, have been planned for this summer to mark the College's quincentenary. Magdalen Tower was built between 1492 and 1509, and is, perhaps, the finest of all Oxford's towers. Each year, the coming of summer is welcomed in Oxford when, early in the morning, a seventeenth-century Eucharistic hymn is sung from the top of the Tower, while almost silent

crowds of undergraduates listen below in punts on the Cherwell. Another musical feature of Magdalen is the high tradition for choral services of the chapel. The fine buildings of Magdalen are set in the most beautiful surroundings. To the east are the Water Walks, one of which is known as Addison's Walk, which are on a wooded meadow, noted for its myriads of fritillaries and encircled by the Cherwell, while to the north-west is the tree-lined Grove in which deer can be seen grazing.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press, Ltd.





AN OXFORD COLLEGE NOW CELEBRATING ITS QUINCENTENARY: MAGDALEN, A VIEW FROM THE HIGH, SHOWING THE GREAT TOWER AND, ON THE LEFT, THE LIBRARY.

A number of events have been planned at Magdalen College to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the College's foundation. On July 21, the eve of St. Mary Magdalen's Day, a special Evensong service is to be held in the College Chapel, and this will be followed by a dinner, and by choral singing. On June 12, the date on which the College Charter was given in 1458, there was to be a

dinner in College for Members and former Members of the Foundation, and on June 16 another dinner is to be held for present Fellows of the College and present Members of the Foundation. The founder of the College was William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, and the link with Winchester will be maintained by the participation in the celebration events of the Bishop

of Winchester. In the quinqucentenary year, Magdalen also has plans for a new block of buildings. Among the 3000 old members of the College who are being invited to take part in the celebration is the Duke of Windsor. William of Waynflete founded the Hall of St. Mary Magdalen in 1448. In 1456 he became Lord Chancellor and in that year Henry VI granted to him

for his foundation the Hospital of St. John. In 1458 a charter was issued to the College of St. Mary Magdalen, and this is traditionally accepted as the College's foundation date. The celebrations to mark the 500th anniversary of one of Oxford's most beautiful Colleges will reach a climax when a fireworks display is given following the dinner on July 21.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flinders.

Photolithography by the Beric Press, Ltd.





A RELATIVELY RECENT ADDITION TO MAGDALEN: NEW BUILDINGS, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1733—THE SOUTH FACADE SEEN FROM ADDISON'S WALK.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE ARCADE OF NEW BUILDINGS: A VIEW OF THE NORTH SIDE OF CLOISTERS, WITH THE TOWER VISIBLE ABOVE.

#### FROM 1458 TO 1958: ANCIENT AND MODERN BUILDINGS OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

This year Magdalen College celebrates the 500th anniversary of its foundation. The dates of the various College buildings range over the five centuries, but this has added to, rather than detracted from, the charm of the College as a whole. The central block of the College, including Chapel, Hall, Cloisters and Founder's Tower, was built between 1474 and 1490, under the direction of the master-mason, William Orchard. The Great Tower was built between 1492 and 1509. New Buildings was begun in 1733 by William Townesend, probably advised by James Gibbs. Late

in the last century, the St. Swithun's building was erected to designs by Bodley and Garner, who, in the same period, built the President's Lodgings. Longwall Quadrangle was built by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott in 1928-30, including on the southern side J. C. Buckler's School Hall (1851), now the Library. The age of the College and variety of its architecture is strikingly emphasized by the powerful contrast between the quiet seclusion of the mediæval Cloisters and the fine elegance of the eighteenth-century New Buildings.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press, Ltd.



# HAUNT OF ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS; THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE OF 100,000 YEARS AGO—NEW DISCOVERIES.

By J. W. FRANKS and A. J. SUTCLIFFE (Department of Palaeontology, British Museum (Natural History)), M. P. KERNEY (Department of Geology, Imperial College) and G. RUSSELL COOPE (Department of Geology, University of Birmingham).

With grateful acknowledgements to the Crown Agents, on behalf of the Uganda Government; Ford and Walton Ltd., Contractors; H. W. Lane, Esq. (Clerk of Works); and G. A. Sansom, Esq. (General Foreman).

THE presence of remains of mammals no longer living in Britain, including hippopotamus, lion and elephant, in old deposits of the River

Bank, Charing Cross (1879); Lloyds Bank, Pall Mall (1922); the Canada Sun Life Assurance Building, Trafalgar Square (1927); Rex House, Lower Regent Street (1939) and in several other places in and around St. James's Square and Pall Mall.

In spite of the remarkable richness of this area in Pleistocene fossils only one attempt has hitherto been made at a comprehensive study of these remains in relation to their geological setting; that carried out by an amateur geologist and prehistorian, W. J. Lewis Abbott, who investigated the deposits seen when the foundations of the Admiralty, Whitehall, were constructed in 1890.

Most of these discoveries occurred before the development of new techniques in Pleistocene studies, including pollen analysis. In the investigation of the present site these techniques have been used to give a fuller picture of past conditions in the London area.

In January 1957, the attention of the writers was drawn to an excavation in progress on the south side of Trafalgar Square for the foundations of the new building of the Uganda Government, in which bones of large mammals were being found. The first finds proved to belong to hippopotamus, elephant, and an ox of considerable size. These excavations continued for more than a year, during which time it was possible to make a detailed study of the strata, and of the plant and animal remains that they contained.

Britain to-day. The freshwater forms include some types which are now extinct in this country but which continue to live further to the south; notably a striking pearl-bearing mussel (*Margaritifera auricularia*), found at the present time in the large rivers of Southern Europe and North Africa, and a minute snail (*Belgrandia marginata*) which inhabits clear spring waters in the foothills of the Alps and the Pyrenees. Considered as a whole, these molluscs show that the Thames was then a warm, swiftly-flowing and highly calcareous river with a good deal of weed. Most of the shells were not found where the molluscs had lived, but occurred as thin layers of broken and current-drifted material scoured from a wide area of the river bed.

Land snails were less common and were washed in by chance flooding of the banks. They consist partly of species which dwelt in marshy places among rushes close to the river, and partly of dry-loving grassland forms, such as those found to-day on English chalk downlands. The latter prove that the surrounding country was fairly open and not densely forested.

Remains of insects were numerous in the plant deposit. Most of these were of beetles, including scarabs (dung-beetles), chafers, ground and water beetles, and there was an abundance of weevils. Though fragmentary, their state of preservation was often remarkable, the wing cases of the beetles commonly retaining the bright colours of life.

The plant remains were collected as they became exposed during the course of the excavations. The samples were of two sorts: silt and sand layers, and lenses of plant fragments. These yielded great numbers of fruits and seeds representing

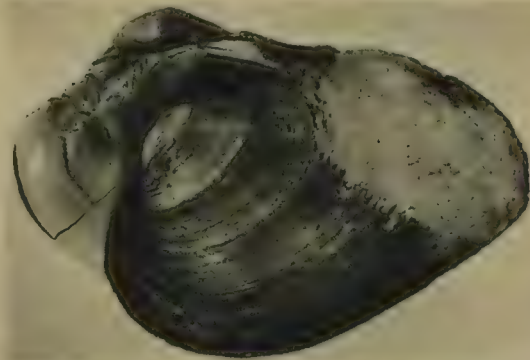


SOME PLANT REMAINS FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Top left: a fruit of Cocklebur (*Xanthium* sp.), a weed in warm, temperate countries. In recent times this plant has been spread by man to most parts of the world. Top right: a fruit of the Water Chestnut (*Trapa natans*), another plant of warmer countries which was widespread in north-west Europe in Interglacial times. Centre: three hazel nuts, then slightly larger than those of the present-day wild hazel. Bottom left: half the winged fruit of a Southern European maple (*Acer monspessulanum*). An example of this shrub is shown on the right of the drawing overleaf. Bottom right: a hawthorn twig still bearing its thorns.

Thames in the St. James's Palace—Trafalgar Square area, has been known for more than 200 years.

As long ago as 1731, a molar tooth of an elephant was discovered at a depth of 22 ft. below the surface when digging a sewer in Pall Mall and, as an object of curiosity, passed into the

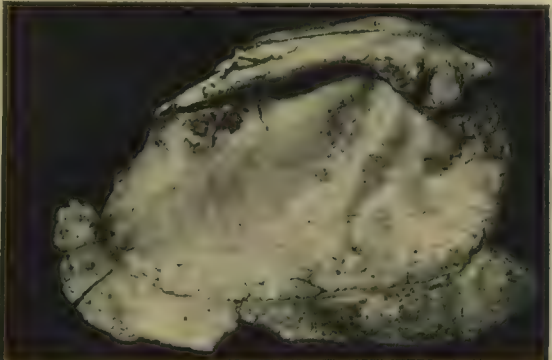


A SOUTHERN EUROPEAN SPECIES OF FRESHWATER MUSSEL (*POTOMIDA LITTORALIS*), SHELLS OF WHICH WERE FOUND IN ABUNDANCE IN THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE DEPOSITS. THE RICH CHESTNUT-BROWN COLORATION STILL SURVIVES.

A thickness of 30 ft. of deposits was exposed, mainly river sands. The basal deposit of the series, which extended below the present sea-level, was a shelly orange gravel, which was overlain by alternating layers of silts and sands. This horizon contained isolated lenses of plant remains composed of fragments of wood, stems, fruits and seeds, and in addition large numbers of the shells of river snails and fragments of insects. It seems likely that these lenses represent flood or storm debris. Above these few feet of plant-bearing horizons lay a considerable thickness of yellow sands containing layers of freshwater mussels and land and river snails. Bones of mammals occurred at all horizons.

The mammalian remains are, for the most part, isolated bones swept down by the river and deposited in its bed. The animals represented are the Hippopotamus, the extinct Straight-Tusked Elephant (*Palaeoloxodon antiquus*), a rhinoceros of unknown species, a large wild ox (*Bos primigenius*), red deer, fallow deer and a lion. To this list may be added a bear, remains of which were found in 1927 only a short distance away beneath the Canada Sun Life Assurance building. The fossilised dung of a carnivorous animal suggests that hyenas may also have been present at this period.

Land and river shells (molluscs), of which some 13,000 specimens, representing about sixty species, were examined, occurred in large numbers in the Trafalgar Square deposits. The species indicate a climate with summers warmer than those of



NOW EXTINCT IN ENGLAND, BUT LIVING ON IN THE RIVERS OF SOUTHERN EUROPE: A PEARL-BEARING RIVER MUSSEL (*MARGARITIFERA AURICULARIA*), SHOWING ITS MOTHER-OF-PEARL-LINED SHELL.

over 150 species. Smaller samples of the plant-bearing deposit were examined for pollen, from a study of which it was seen that the whole of the plant-bearing deposit is of the same geological age.



MAMMALIAN REMAINS FOUND AT DEPTHS RANGING FROM 15 FT. TO 30 FT. BELOW THE PRESENT-DAY GROUND-LEVEL OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Top row (l. to r.): A metacarpal of a Wild Ox (*Bos primigenius*); a metacarpal of a Red Deer; a metatarsal of a Fallow Deer; the base of an antler of a Red Deer. Bottom row: part of a molar tooth of the extinct Straight-Tusked Elephant (*Palaeoloxodon antiquus*) (found in 1922 a short distance from the site of the recent discoveries); a canine tooth of a hippopotamus and (above) a foot bone of a lion.

collection of the Society of Antiquaries. Nearly a century later, the Rev. William Buckland (1784-1856), Dean of Westminster and a pioneer in the science of Geology, refers in his book "Reliquiae Diluvianae" (1823) to elephant teeth being dug up in Waterloo Place, near the western end of Charles II Street. Many mammalian bones have also been found below the sites of Drummond's



IN THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE DEPOSITS BUT LIVING TO-DAY IN ONLY A FEW PLACES IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ALPS AND PYRENEES: A MINUTE FRESHWATER SNAIL (*BELGRANDIA MARGINATA*) SHOWN 25 TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE AND (INSET) ITS NATURAL SIZE.



FOUND IN 1957 APPROXIMATELY 25 FT. BELOW GROUND-LEVEL IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: AN IMPERFECT HORN CORE OF THE EXTINCT WILD OX, *BOS PRIMIGENIUS*. THIS ANIMAL IS RECONSTRUCTED IN THE DRAWING OVERLEAF.

All the evidence supplied by the various remains described above points to the climate having been warmer than it is at present. The Pleistocene Period, or Ice Age, is divided by geologists into a series of Glacials and Interglacials, the former corresponding with major advances of the ice sheets and the latter being intervening warm phases. The flora obtained from the plant lenses of the Trafalgar Square site, and also evidence supplied by the relation of the deposits to the present river, dates them to the period of maximum warmth in the Last Interglacial Period, probably about 100,000 years ago.





### WHEN LIONS REALLY CROUCHED WHERE NELSON NOW STANDS: THE TRAFALGAR

Trafalgar Square, with its huge Nelson monument, Landseer's bronze lions and its fountains and pigeons, is one of the best-known Squares in the world. It is unlikely that passers-by, political demonstrators, photographers (or pigeons) have much, if any, idea of the appearance of the Square 100,000 years ago. But recent discoveries have now provided us with sufficient material to build up a picture of the scene as it once appeared. In his drawing on these pages our Special Artist, Mr. Neave Parker, with the co-operation of experts, has reconstructed the gently undulating landscape of parkland

type, such as existed in Central London during the Last Interglacial when the climate was warmer than it is to-day, and some of the abundant flora and fauna. In the foreground, standing on a grassy promontory, is a Straight-Tusked Elephant, an extinct warmth-loving species distinct from the Woolly Mammoth of colder times, remains of which have also been found in London. Nearby a Rose Chafer beetle, so called from its habit of feeding on the wild rose, which was a common plant at this time, is seen in flight. Three hippopotamuses, also warmth-loving animals, wallow in a marshy

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A., with the co-operation*



### SQUARE OF 100,000 YEARS AGO, ITS FLORA AND FAUNA AND INTERGLACIAL LANDSCAPE.

backwater of the Thames, in which grow Yellow Water Lilies, Water Chestnuts, Sedges and Reed-Mace. In these still waters live numerous river snails, aquatic beetles and other forms of life. Near the water's edge stands a large wild ox (*Bos primigenius*), a remote ancestor of our present-day domestic cattle. The rising ground beyond is grassland, interspersed with scattered trees of yew and oak and with patches of low scrub of hazel, maple and other plants. Here two lionesses are seen disturbing a group of Red Deer which are moving away (left). A herd of Fallow Deer, not unlike those found in

English parks at the present day, is visible in the distance. A lion is resting in a Landseer pose, in the shade, and (right, centre) a bear shambles into view in search of food. If space permitted, our artist could have included a rhinoceros and perhaps a prowling hyena. Fossil remains of all these animals, which flourished during a warm phase between two glacial periods, probably about 100,000 years ago, have come to light as the result of the recent excavations in old deposits of the Thames in Trafalgar Square. These finds are described in the article on page 1011.

*of the authors of the article on page 1011 and Professor F. E. Zeuner.*



## TRADITION AND INNOVATION AT THE 68TH ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



(Above.) AN ANNUAL FAVOURITE SINCE ITS INTRODUCTION AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY: THE ROYAL NAVAL FIELD GUN COMPETITION.



(Above.) AT THE OPENING OF THE "PRIVATE VIEW": THE BAND OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS IN THE EARLS COURT ARENA.



(Right.) WARFARE OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW: MISSILE DEFENCE —A GUIDED WEAPONS DISPLAY PRESENTED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.



ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND POPULAR ITEMS: THE COLOURFUL MUSICAL RIDE EXPERTLY PERFORMED BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

The sixty-eighth Royal Tournament opened at Earls Court on June 4 and will continue until June 21 with performances each day at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. (except on June 16 when there will be no matinée). The Tournament, which is held in aid of service charities, continues, as in other years, to provide a "happy blend of the traditional and the new." Above all, it provides a remarkable demonstration of the physical fitness, endurance, courage and skill of the modern soldier, sailor and airman, many of whom are National



SPLIT-SECOND PRECISION AND PERFECT CO-ORDINATION BETWEEN MEN AND HORSES: THE MUSICAL DRIVE BY THE KING'S TROOP, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

Servicemen performing in public for the first time. While no Royal Tournament would be complete without such favourite items as the Field Gun Competition, the Musical Ride and the Musical Drive, it also provides opportunities of seeing, in Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's words, "how the modern serviceman has developed his skill-at-arms to fit the new machines and the new weapons." The R.A.F. show how they are meeting the challenge in a guided weapons display which includes the launching of a 25-ft.-long missile.





"ROTOR RESCUE": A HELICOPTER FROM A NEW COMMANDO CARRIER IN A DRAMATIC SCENE AT EARLS COURT.

As in the past, *The Illustrated London News* is this year reproducing a drawing of one of the displays at the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. This time we are illustrating "Rotor Rescue," staged by the Royal Navy's Commando Carrier Task Force. This impressive event has a topical flavour, because next year Britain's first Commando Carrier is to join the Fleet. It will be equipped with a single unit of helicopters permanently prepared for action in any part of the world and carry a full Royal Marine Commando of 600 men, with their wide range of equipment and supplies. The ship will be H.M.S. *Bulwark*, the 22,000-ton post-war carrier, when she completes her conversion at the Royal Dockyard, Portsmouth. Since the war, and on many occasions before the formation of the Commando Carrier was announced, helicopters

have proved their value and versatility in many parts of the world under conditions of war and of natural disaster. In "Rotor Rescue" we are shown a tropical island in the Far East. The islanders, acted by a team of Wrens, are living peacefully when suddenly the nearby volcano erupts, showering destruction on to the surrounding area. To make matters worse, a ship loaded with dynamite is in the harbour and catches fire. Quickly the helicopters from the Commando Carrier come to the rescue and a destroyer tows the dynamite ship out to sea before it explodes. Although the incident is fictional, naval helicopters have, in fact, often proved their value in similar circumstances, rescuing and aiding the victims of flood, snow and earthquake. As military aircraft helicopters have proved their worth in Malaya and at Suez.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Juliet Pannett, S.G.A.



# AT THE 1958 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: A GRINLING GIBBONS MIRROR, PAINTINGS AND OTHER EXHIBITS.



WITH THE ARMS OF HENRY VII: AN EARLY TUDOR ROYAL ARMORIAL TAPESTRY OF THE TYPE WHICH WAS HUNG BEHIND THE THRONE WHEN THE KING WAS ENTHRONED. (48 by 84 ins.) (S. W. Wolsey.)



"WILLIAM LOCKE OF NORBURY," BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. WILLIAM LOCKE WAS AN AMATEUR ARTIST AND A PUPIL OF FUSELI. (Oil on canvas: 27 by 22 ins.) (Thos. Agnew and Sons, Ltd.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES," BY LEONARD BRAMER (1596-1674), A DUTCH ARTIST WHO DID MUCH WORK IN ITALY. (Oil on panel: 11 by 9½ ins.) (Alfred Brod Ltd.)



OF THE EARLY TRIANGLE PERIOD AND BEARING AN INCISED TRIANGLE ON THE BASE: A FINE CHELSEA WHITE COFFEE POT. (Height: 9½ ins.) (Charles Woollett and Son.)



"A BRIDE IN THE CHARACTER OF A NYMPH OF DIANA": A PORTRAIT OF c. 1615 BY MARCUS GHEERHAERTS. (Oil on panel: 34 by 26 ins.) (Sabin Galleries.)



"THE BOY STONE MASON": A CARVED PLASTER FIGURE (DATED 1758) BY J. B. DEFERNEX, WHO MODELLED AT VINCENNES FOR THE SEVRES FACTORY. (Height: 7½ ins.) (Lories Ltd.)



A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF GRINLING GIBBONS: A LIMWOOD MIRROR CARVED IN ABOUT 1683 FOR CHARLES II'S LITTLE EATING ROOM AT WINDSOR CASTLE, AND BEARING THE ROYAL ARMS. (Height: 54 ins.) (S. W. Wolsey.)



"THE GIRL OYSTER OPENER": THE SECOND OF THE CHARMING DEFERNEX FIGURES. JEAN BAPTISTE DEFERNEX (1729-1782) IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN A PUPIL OF HUEZ. (Height: 7½ ins.) (Lories Ltd.)

The art and antiques of numerous countries are richly represented at the 18th Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, which continues at Grosvenor House until June 26. On this page we show two English pieces with Royal associations. The Henry VII armorial tapestry, which bears the stamp of Hampton Court Palace, is a colourful reminder of Tudor times. Another Royal Tudor masterwork at the Fair (which is not shown here) is the armour

made at Greenwich in about 1535 for Henry VIII, which has been lent by her Majesty from Windsor Castle. With the superbly carved Grinling Gibbons mirror we move on to Stuart times. There are records in the accounts at Windsor that Grinling Gibbons carved looking-glasses for Charles II, and this richly ornamented piece, which is the only known example of Gibbons' work bearing the Royal arms, has been recognised as one of them.



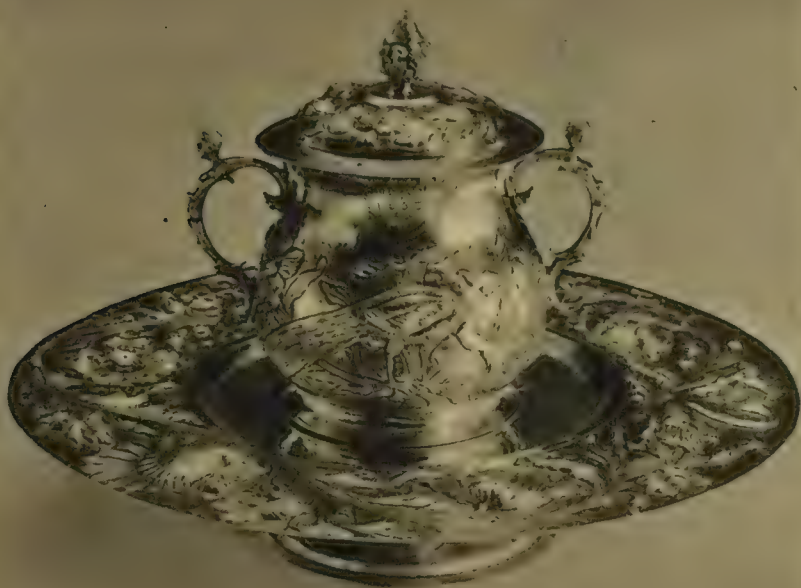
## AT THE 1958 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: FINE SILVER, AND CHINESE PIECES.



DATING FROM BEFORE 900 B.C.: A CHINESE BRONZE HARNESS FITTING WITH DOUBLE BIRDS' HEADS, WHICH HAS BRILLIANT PATINATION. (Width of buckle: 2½ ins.) (John Sparks Ltd.)



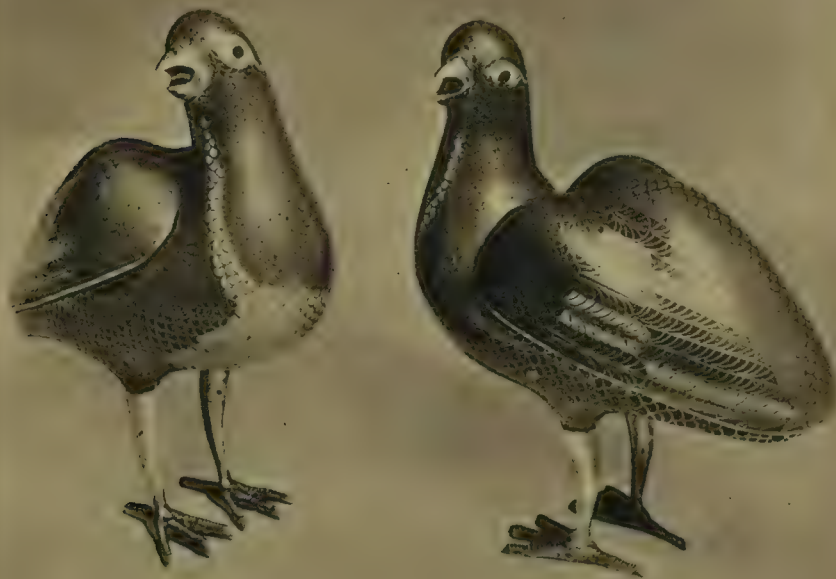
MADE IN LONDON BY W. CRIPPS IN 1749: A PAIR OF FINELY-MODELLED SILVER SAUCE BOATS: (Maximum height: 8 ins.) (How (of Edinburgh) Ltd.)



BEARING THE ARMS OF COLONEL ARTHUR HILL, HEREDITARY CONSTABLE OF HILLSBOROUGH FORT, NORTHERN IRELAND: A SILVER-GILT PORRINGER AND COVER ON A LARGE TAZZA, 1660. (Diameter of tazza: 16 ins.) (Garrard and Co. Ltd.)



FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, SON OF GEORGE III: AN ELIZABETHAN SILVER-GILT TAZZA, LONDON, 1579. (Height: 5 ins.) (Wartski Ltd.)



A PAIR OF CHINESE CH'IENT LUNG CLOISSONNE QUAILS WITH TURQUOISE, GREEN-YELLOW, AUBERGINE, ROUGE DE FER AND ROYAL BLUE ENAMELS. (Height: 5½ ins.) (John Sparks Ltd.)

The 18th Antique Dealers' Fair was to be opened at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, by H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent on June 11. The Fair, at which there are loans from several Royal collections, will continue until June 26, being open each weekday from 11 a.m. until 7.30 p.m. Eighty-seven London



WITH IVORY TUSKS AND GILDED TRAPPINGS: A PAIR OF CHINESE CH'IENT LUNG CLOISSONNE ENAMEL ELEPHANTS WITH LAVENDER BLUE BODIES. (Height: 10 ins.) (Spink and Son, Ltd.)

and provincial dealers will be showing a selection of their finest pieces, and, as usual, all these exhibits will be for sale, and many of those sold will be replaced from day to day. Every piece offered at the Antique Dealers' Fair has to be approved by one or other of the committees of experts.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### JEWELLERY AND PAINTING—A REVIEW.

"Making Music" and the "Allegorical Figure of Spring or Venus," whichever it is, in the National Gallery. If learned art-historians would refrain from the use of the word "mannerist" on every other page they would earn my gratitude; if you dare to question them as to their meaning—I have

scholars use it when talking of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian painters. Unless I have read the introduction wholly unintelligently all the author means by this fatuous word (possibly more revealing in the original German than in the English translation) is that Tura had a highly individual manner of his own and at the same time was quick to adapt himself to the fashions of the little court of the d'Este family, which was fond of obscure allegories and welcomed all kinds of scholars and painters, provided they were prepared to flatter the Duke.

TO the modern world—and to the modern burglar—jewels are normally defined as precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and what not—which have an intrinsic value as stones irrespective of their arrangement in a necklace or other ornament. The work lavished upon them by skilled cutting is rather taken for granted and though to some extent the design of a piece of jewellery is praised, its market value is largely determined by the quality of the stones of which it is composed. No doubt this is inevitable in an age when diamonds are extracted from the South African earth by the ton, but it tends to detract attention from what is surely the interesting side of the jeweller's art—his ability to invent forms out of precious materials and to bring his imagination to bear upon them. This uncommonly beautiful book,\* with its 85 plates in many colours, 8 in gold and silver and 42 monochrome illustrations, provides a salutary reminder that the worker is more important than his materials. Dr. Filippo Rossi, Superintendent of the Museums and Galleries of Florence, Pistoia and Arezzo, writes the introduction covering the 800 years from A.D. 1000 to the end of the eighteenth century, and after that the objects are left to speak for themselves, which, thanks to exceptionally fine Italian colour work, they do with great eloquence.

The majority of the surviving objects from the distant past are naturally ecclesiastical, marvels of gold and silver and enamels, while the few secular pieces illustrated from the sixteenth century onwards bear witness both to the fantastically luxurious taste of the time and to the skill of the goldsmith and lapidary in catering for it. In some ways, the most remarkable piece shown is the Horn, Leash and Collar in enamelled gold from Vienna, but the reader, once immersed in the volume, will have great difficulty in choosing between the vases and cups of semi-precious stones—agate, jasper, rock crystal, lapis lazuli—with their ingenious mounts in gold and enamels. Occasionally such things can be credited to known artists, for example, the famous Cellini salt; and sometimes they belonged to historical personages. There is the engraved crystal cup with an enamelled and gold-plated lid bearing the monogram of Henri II of France and of Diane de Poitiers; and the golden rose of Pope Alexander VII, this last preserved at Siena, presented to the city in 1658 "the most splendid of the very rare examples of this kind conserved in Italy, typical of the offerings with which the Popes liked to honour princes or towns on great occasions." The Henri II cup is in the Museo degli Argenti in Florence, together with the Medici family jewellery handed back to Italy after the First World War by the terms of the Treaty of St. Germain. Croziers, reliquaries, altar frontals, chalices and book covers complete the selection.

The Phaidon Press has issued a complete edition of the paintings of the fifteenth-century Ferrarese artist Cosimo Tura (1430–1495) by E. Ruhmer.† Over ninety plates and a lengthy introduction fail to make me come to terms with this extraordinarily gifted man whom I know only from his "Madonna and Angels



AN ENGRAVED ROCK CRYSTAL COVERED CUP IN THE SHAPE OF A BIRD, WITH ENAMELLED GOLD DECORATION: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WORK ILLUSTRATED IN "ITALIAN JEWELLED ARTS," BY FILIPPO ROSSI (THAMES AND HUDSON). (Paris, Private Collection.)



"TWO ANGELS"—A DETAIL FROM COSIMO TURA'S "MADONNA AND ANGELS MAKING MUSIC" AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN "COSIMO TURA," BY EBERHARD RUHMER (PHAIDON PRESS). (The National Gallery, London.)

been bold enough to do so on one or two occasions—they are liable either to contradict one another or to look sheepishly at their boots or to register surprise that anyone can be so obtuse as to ask such a question. The author labels Cosimo Tura a "mannerist" and apparently uses the word in a different sense to that in which equally learned

The uncompromising realism of so much of his painting combined with the extraordinary harshness of his rare landscape backgrounds—they seem to be exclusively rocks and desert sands—are liable to be stumbling blocks to those not already familiar with him. But, to take one picture within easy reach of Londoners, the "Madonna" of the National Gallery, one soon finds oneself admiring not just the majesty of the composition and the fantasy of the decoration of the Madonna's throne, but enjoying the subtle distinctions between the expressions of the half-dozen angel musicians grouped around; and then you look closer and discover for yourself that these are not angels at all, but well-observed portraits of young people. As a portraitist the book presents an aspect of the painter's work which very few of us have had an opportunity of seeing. There is an extremely simple and serious profile portrait of a young man in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the impressive portrait of a man at Washington; no others seem to have been identified, though several commissions for portraits are recorded in documents.

Tura lived a busy and full life and was a prosperous man until very nearly the end; like many others before and since he was almost wholly forgotten within a year or two of his death, and he is scarcely mentioned by the industrious Vasari. The wide range of the painter's activities is indicated by a fascinating chronological list of his works. He paints a portrait; next he decorates a helmet for the winner of a tournament; then he paints a banner for the Tailors' Guild, designs tapestries for bench-coverings and paints saddle-cloths and horse-trappings for a tournament. Later he paints allegories in the Duke's library, an altar-piece, the organ-door of the Cathedral, and designs a silver table-service, for which he went to Venice to discuss the matter with the goldsmith who was to make it. An inventory of 1473 describes the various pieces of this service; eleven large beakers carved in relief and chased, with animals and foliage, six similarly adorned bowls with the Ducal coat of arms, and ten other items no less calculated to make one's mouth water to-day. No one thought much of them at the time, for in the following year three large flasks from this service were melted down and used for a single vessel from a design by Amadio da Milano.

These and similar records throw little light upon his quality as an artist but a great deal upon his standing at court, where he was evidently regarded as a person of more than normal accomplishment; indeed the father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi, ranks Cosimo Tura with no less celebrated a painter than

Gentile Bellini, an extremely interesting opinion but one which appears decidedly extravagant to-day. We take Phaidon books for granted as monuments of exact and sensitive scholarship: this one is no less stimulating than its many predecessors despite my prejudice against the excessive use of the word "mannerist."

\* "Italian Jeweled Arts." By Filippo Rossi. With 85 Plates in colour and gold, 8 in gold and silver and 42 in monochrome. (Thames and Hudson; 8 gns.)

† "Cosimo Tura—Paintings and Drawings—Complete Edition." By Eberhard Ruhmer. With 118 reproductions, 6 of them in colour. (Phaidon Press; 3 gns.)



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



**NEW ACCOUNTANTS' PRESIDENT:**  
MR. W. L. BARROWS.

Mr. W. L. Barrows, Vice-President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales during the year 1957-58, has been elected President of the Institute for the following year, it was reported on June 5. Mr. Barrows is Chairman of W. and T. Avery Ltd., and also of other companies.



**PORTUGAL'S NEW PRESIDENT:**  
REAR-ADMIRAL TOMAZ.

Rear-Admiral Americo Tomaz, the Candidate of the pro-Government National Union Party, was elected Portugal's new President by a large majority of votes, according to an official announcement on June 8. Voting was orderly. The Opposition Candidate said many of his supporters had been arrested.



**CHOSEN AS SCEPTRE'S HELMSMAN:** LT.-CDR. GRAHAM MANN. Lieut.-Commander Graham Mann is to be helmsman of the Royal Yacht Squadron's 12-metre yacht *Sceptre* when she meets the defender in the America's Cup contest off Rhode Island next September. He has long sailing experience, and has been sailing master of the Royal "Dragon" yacht *Bluebottle*.



**A DISTINGUISHED ACTOR: THE LATE ROBERT DONAT.**

Robert Donat, the well-known stage and screen actor, died aged fifty-three on June 9. He recently completed his last rôle in the film "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." He had a long stage career, and became famous for his parts in a series of films, the most notable being "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."



**A NOTED LAWYER DIES: SIR ERNEST WEDDERBURN.**

Sir Ernest Wedderburn, a distinguished lawyer who held the legal appointment of Deputy Keeper of the Signet from 1935 to 1953, died on June 3. In 1922 he was appointed to the Chair of Conveyancing at Edinburgh University, and had been Vice-President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.



**(Left.) KILLED IN RESEARCH AIRCRAFT CRASH: SQUADRON LEADER JOHN BOOTH.**

Squadron Leader John Booth, chief test pilot for Saunders-Roe since 1956, was killed on June 5 when the research aircraft SR 53, which he was piloting, crashed while taking off from Boscombe Down, Wiltshire. Squadron Leader Booth, who was 38, served in the R.A.F. during the war and won the D.F.C. and bar.



**LEAVING LONDON FOR THE WORLD CUP FOOTBALL COMPETITION: THE PARTY OF ENGLISH PLAYERS, TRAINERS AND SELECTORS ON THEIR WAY TO SWEDEN.**

The England World Cup party of twenty footballers, three trainers and four selectors arrived in Sweden on June 5 after flying from London. England were to meet Brazil, Russia and Austria in the first stage of the finals. In the photograph above the England Captain, Wright, is third from the left in the front.

**(Right.) TO BE GOVERNOR OF FIJI:**

MR. K. P. MADDOCKS. Mr. K. P. Maddocks, Deputy Governor of the Northern Region of Nigeria, is to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Fiji, it was announced recently. He will take up his appointment towards the end of October. He is 51, and has been Governor and C.-in-C. of British Honduras, and Administrator of St. Vincent, British West Indies.



**(Right.) A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST: THE LATE SIR LOUIS STERLING.** Sir Louis Sterling, who died on June 2 aged seventy-nine, as a boy sold newspapers in New York. He came to England in 1903 and rose to become managing director of the Columbia Gramophone Company and later of Electrical and Musical Industries. He was naturalised in 1932 and knighted in 1937. He gave away well over £1,000,000.



**(Left.) THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP:**

J. B. CARR. J. B. Carr, the Irish player, who has been the greatest amateur in British golf since the war, won his second Amateur Championship when he beat A. Thirlwell, of Gosforth, by 3 and 2 on the Old course at St. Andrews on June 7. He had an easier victory than that at Hoylake in 1953, beating four of the Walker Cup team.



**APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN: MADAME MARIA CALLAS.**

The world-famous operatic soprano, Madame Maria Callas, was to sing an aria from Bellini's "I Puritani" at the Royal Gala Performance in celebration of the Centenary of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden on June 10. Madame Callas is also to make five appearances in Verdi's "La Traviata" at Covent Garden.



**ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS IN POLAND: THE BRITISH GLIDING TEAM, WHO WERE RECEIVED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.** The British team for the World Gliding Championships in Poland left England on June 5. Before their departure they were received by the Duke of Edinburgh and exhibited their gliders for a short while on Horse Guards Parade. Above, left to right, are: Commander Anthony Goodhart, R.N., Colonel Anthony Deane-Drummond, Mr. Philip Wills and Commander Nicholas Goodhart, R.N.



**BEFORE PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS: THE NEW THAILAND AMBASSADOR.**

H.E. Mom Luang Peekdhip Malakul, the new Ambassador from the Kingdom of Thailand, presented his credentials to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on June 5. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was present, and Madame Peekdhip Malakul was received by the Queen.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### ENCOUNTERS WITH AN ANGRY JAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EVERY time I go into the aviary containing *Jasper*, the tame jay, he takes the first opportunity to fly at my head. That is, he flies over my head and I feel the tap of his claws through my hair. The next moment he has landed on a perch beyond me and is looking angrily at me. To state the situation in this way is simple enough. To unravel its causes and implications is another matter. We hand-reared *Jasper* from a fledgling three years ago and he has occupied the same aviary since then, so he is very familiar with every corner in it and there is every reason why he should regard it as his own territory. All the same, for the first year one could go into it and the bird would show no fear, nor would he show any aggressive intent. As likely as not he would fly on to one's shoulder or head, and relations between us were wholly amicable. Then we were asked to give a home to a tame hen jay, and it seemed the happiest arrangement to put her in the same aviary as *Jasper*.

From a bird's point of view there is a big disadvantage in being hand-reared. There is a tendency for the fledgling to become fixated on its human foster-parents. This varies according to circumstances, but it often results in the bird taking no notice of a potential mate. In *Jasper's* case, it seemed that the fixation might not be so strong as to make this difference. Yet, from the first, he accepted the hen as an aviary-companion with no more than a thinly-veiled tolerance, and although not actually showing fight succeeds in dominating her completely at all times.

We had hoped that the two might settle down together, and as the first breeding season drew on, nesting material was provided in the aviary and a good cluster of twiggy boughs in which to build. *Jasper* did make a nest of sorts, but he made no attempt to court the hen, nor did she show any inclination to invite his advances or do anything to encourage the nest-building or any of the subsidiaries that might show her to be even dimly aware that now was the time to shoulder domestic burdens. Nevertheless, there was in him an undoubted upsurge of the territorial instinct, so that anyone going into the aviary was treated as an intruder, and some show must be made of driving that person out.

The whole of this unnatural behaviour is something that one learns to expect when birds are living under restraint, and as such calls for little comment. There are, however, several striking features of it worth noting. In the first place, it indicates how strong is the territorial instinct and that it is to an extent independent of the possession of a mate. In the wild, the male bird first takes up occupation of a territory and only subsequently acquires a mate. The defence of that territory is also independent of the presence of a mate. Indeed, one of the things we are learning rather late is that very few animals fight, as we have learned to suppose, over the possession of a mate. It is the possession of territory which is so important.

There are two other sides to *Jasper's* behaviour that have impressed themselves on my notice. The first has to do with the vocal challenge he issues, and the second is concerned with the way he contrives to show his aggressive intentions by other means. As to the first of these, the normal calls of a jay are in harsh scolding notes, and the mere appearance of a stranger coming up the garden, of a strange cat or a large bird flying near the aviary is sufficient to call these forth from both *Jasper* and his companion. It is about the only thing on which they show unity of purpose.

Although their natural calls are so unmusical, jays can be very good mimics. We have logged over thirty sounds that *Jasper* imitates, and these include, in addition to mechanical noises and the human voice, a number of songs of other birds, such as several of our finches. His hen also has her repertoire of mimicked sounds, which she only uses when it is raining. This struck me as



THREE YEARS AGO: *JASPER* AS A FLEDGLING (HE WAS HAND-REARED) SEEN IN THE AVIARY WHICH HE HAS OCCUPIED EVER SINCE.

possible tones. Surprised, because I knew there was no one anywhere near the aviary, and because this was quite obviously not the song of any bird, I straightened my back to listen. Then I saw it was *Jasper*. He was not only whistling in this superb manner, but he was crouched on his perch in an ominous way. The next moment he had flown at my head. On reflection I knew that the tune was one the milkman often whistles as he comes up to the house in the morning. The jay had copied it and was using it as an aggressive call. This much was confirmed by what happened subsequently.

It was about this time that I noticed another trick. If I walked round the aviary, on the outside, that is, on the boundary of *Jasper's* territory, he would follow me round showing signs of aggressive intent should I dare to cross that boundary. In an effort to allay his fears, his aggressiveness or any other ill-feelings he might have towards me, I would stop, put my face near the wire-netting of the aviary and say to the jay immediately behind it: "Hullo, *Jasper*," using my gentlest tones in doing so. Very soon, I found that, when walking round the aviary in this way, the bird would keep abreast of me, saying all the while, in a perfect imitation of my own voice: "Hullo, *Jasper*. Hullo, *Jasper*." Now, when I go into the aviary and hear what sounds like myself using these words, I know the jay is about to fly at my head.

There is nothing remarkable in this except the novelty of it, for the jay has often shown a similar behaviour towards other intruders. One of our two cats has the habit of walking up to the house, past the jays' aviary, meowing in a particular way. Whereas *Jasper* will squawk in the typical jay fashion at a strange cat, he will, aggressively, meow in this particular way at the approach of this cat. To an owl coming near the aviary he will call like an owl.

I said earlier that the jay looks angrily at me. Had I chosen my words more carefully I should have avoided the use of that word. It is unfashionable to-day to talk of any animal, bird or anything else, displaying anger. Rather, we are encouraged to say that the bird is going into an aggressive display. That *Jasper* certainly does. He crouches low on the perch with his tail curving down and his head held low, and in this position he fixes one eye on you. That much I can understand, and the posture I can recognise. What I have failed so far to analyse is why, on the first occasion I noticed this, I should have known immediately and with certainty that the jay meant no good towards me. Since then I have watched him closely, when he is in this mood, to see what exactly are the signs and portents. None of his feathers is out of place, and so far as I can see, there is no departure from the normal, apart from the posture, except that his eye seems slightly more red. Yet there is overall an ominous appearance.



IN A POSTURE SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING THE AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY DESCRIBED BY DR. BURTON: *JASPER* CROUCHING LOW, WITH HIS HEAD LOW, AND HIS EYE FIXED ON AN INTRUDER. HERE HIS TAIL IS NOT CURVING DOWN AS IT DOES WHEN HE ADOPTS HIS AGGRESSIVE POSTURE.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

an odd circumstance until I realised that usually when it rains *Jasper* retires to the heart of the twiggy boughs already mentioned and is then completely out of sight. So, it seems, the hen cannot display her artistry until the dominant partner is, to all intents, absent. Then, and then only, does she feel free to let herself go.

It was on one of the early occasions when *Jasper* had taken to flying at my head that, on entering the aviary to change his bath-water, I heard a snatch of a tune whistled in the sweetest

When we say a person is angry, we are not only describing that person's inward state but we are expressing also the effect that person's appearance has on us. That effect is produced by very small details, such as the tension in the body, the look in the eye, slight differences in the colouring of the face, and so on. We have no difficulty in recognising the symptoms even if we have considerable difficulty in describing them. I can only say of *Jasper*, by these tokens, that if he is not angry he looks very much as if he is.





(1) CROWDS ON THE "FINGER" OF THE NEW AIRPORT WATCH THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN, WHO IS SEEN WALKING ACROSS THE APRON (CENTRE). (2) THE QUEEN STUDIES A MODEL OF THE AIRPORT, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AS THE CONSULTING ENGINEER POINTS TO THE "FINGER." (3) IN THE GAILY-BEFLAGGED BROAD WALK OF CRAWLEY NEW TOWN: SHOPKEEPERS TURN OUT TO CHEER THE QUEEN. (4) AT ARDINGLY COLLEGE: HER MAJESTY IS GREETED BY THE PROVOST, CANON A. R. BROWNE-WILKINSON. (5) EXAMINING THE WORK OF AN ART CLASS AT ARDINGLY.

#### THE QUEEN AT THE NEW GATWICK AIRPORT ; AT CRAWLEY NEW TOWN ; AND AT ARDINGLY COLLEGE.

On June 9, H.M. the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, flew from London Airport in a *Heron* of the Queen's Flight to London's new airport at Gatwick, which she inaugurated by unveiling a commemorative plaque in the restaurant which overlooks the apron and airfield. After an inspection of the airport, the Royal party drove to Crawley New Town,

where the Queen opened the new technical college. After the Queen and the Duke had planted trees in Queen's Square, they took luncheon with the Crawley Development Corporation and later made other visits. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke visited Ardingly College (on which a feature appeared in our last issue) and were shown round by the Provost.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BID TIME RETURN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

PROBABLY one of the most familiar thoughts in the theatre is that expressed by Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King" as "Oh God! put back Thy universe and give me yesterday!", and in T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" as "O God, O God, if I could return to yesterday!" In "Richard the Second" it is Salisbury's "O, call back yesterday, bid time return," and in Thomas Heywood's "A Woman Killed With Kindness," it is Frankford's:

O God! O God! that it were possible  
To undo things done—to call back  
yesterday—  
That time would turn up his swift  
sandy glass,  
To untell the days and to redeem  
those hours.

It is dangerous to get into the habit, half-pleasurable, half-morose, of looking backward and mourning for what has gone, so whenever I find myself, like many others, recalling the past too urgently, I have to warn myself that there are uncommonly good things in the present. Probably there will be even better ones in the future. But there are occasions when it is permissible to move cheerfully in a lost world, and one of them came upon a recent Wednesday night at the New Theatre.

Not that the play was anything but modern: "The Party" by a young dramatist, Jane Arden. It was reasonably good, a first effort by a writer who understands how to rouse emotion, even if she is less sure about dramatic craftsmanship, and has not managed yet to get her characters credibly together. I kept on feeling that some of them ought to be introduced to each other—and one ought not to feel that in a family play. Still, this was a time when play mattered less than performance. Things in the performance astonished. I confess I saw it through a mist of memory, the memories of twenty-five years ago when I was a very young playgoer, and the London stage lay freshly-burnished. Many very young playgoers feel like this. The difficulty, in years ahead, if one takes the theatre seriously—and I hope that I do—is to separate ephemeral enthusiasms, the excitement of the impressionable, from matters true and lasting.

Certain things have long separated themselves, and particularly the acting of three men: Maurice Evans, Charles Laughton, and the late Ion Swinley. Maurice Evans vanished from the London stage after his Old Vic season in 1934-35—one that should never be undervalued in any sour-grapes manner—to become the toast of New York. At least half a dozen of his performances stay with me, inflection by inflection, and especially his Richard the Second, with the utterance of "We are amazed" from the battlements of Flint Castle. Ion Swinley, probably the noblest verse speaker of his day (certainly I shall be startled if I meet again anything to match that voice and that imagination), died in the late summer of 1937. And some months before that Charles Laughton had gone to America: not to New York, but to Hollywood, where what had been one of the exciting careers of the British stage turned to cinema stardom: something that appears to me to be less satisfying, though I can speak only in a whisper as one incorrigibly theatre-minded.

In his London years Laughton, young man from Yorkshire, acted nearly thirty

parts, and acted them with extraordinary absorption. Usually it was not so much acting as a state of being. The fact that the ten or so characters I saw remain with me now so sharply is proof that one was not merely under temporary hypnotic influence. He was less good in Shakespeare, though, given time and opportunity, he might have been uncanny. As it was, I doubt whether anyone had looked into Angelo and shown to us what he saw, with quite Laughton's shuddering horror, and even

man, we knew, was a failure, and a lonely, defiant, uneasy failure. We never questioned for a moment his past or his possible future. We accepted his cynicism, his remorse, his man-of-the-world wisdom. It was entirely a feat of absorption, one of those occasions when acting is so true and so complete that you do not think of it as acting, and maybe fail to give credit to the player because he has not done something immediately spectacular to tell you that this is the theatre, and that you are watching a performance.



"ONE OF THOSE OCCASIONS WHEN ACTING IS SO TRUE AND SO COMPLETE THAT YOU DO NOT THINK OF IT AS ACTING... RICHARD BROUGH, MASSIVE, FLABBY, CRUMPLING, IS SECURE IN MY MEMORY": CHARLES LAUGHTON AS RICHARD BROUGH WITH ALBERT FINNEY AS SOYA MARSHALL IN A SCENE FROM "THE PARTY" (NEW THEATRE).

if Macbeth did not come off (something that I was afraid his fringe of beard might do at any minute), there were passages there, as when Macbeth saw the ghost of Banquo, that did indeed freeze the heart.

Laughton in those days meant so much to me that I found it a fantastically moving moment when, after twenty-two years, a door on the New Theatre stage opened to let him back to London.

Brough, massive, flabby, crumpling, is secure in my memory. I doubt only the accent which hardly seems to square with what we know of the man's background. It is a wholly consistent voice, perfectly observed. But is it the one required? Joyce Redman (hopeful, patient wife), Elsa Lanchester (also welcomed back with affection, as a lonely, garrulous neighbour), and John Welsh, as an unassuming lodger, act with credit; and "The Party" has probably established Ann Lynn and Albert Finney in the London theatre.

Laughton was an actor of the past, and is now, mercifully, an actor of the present. Miss Lynn (who is a grand-niece of Ralph Lynn, and who has obviously a gift for expressing youthful pain) and Mr. Finney belong to the future. I have complete faith in Albert Finney. Already, at Birmingham, I have seen him play Henry V, Macbeth, Face, Archer, and Tullus Aufidius, among other parts; his plasticity, vigour, and command are unquestioned. The young man in "The Party" would have been a cipher if played with less honesty and charm. Mr. Finney knew what his dramatist intended, and he was faithful to her while using only a tithe of his powers. Here is an actor.

I shall look forward to calling back yesterday on a fine night at the Open Air Theatre, happily revived this year after a season's break. When we left the marquee after a premiere upon one of the stormiest June evenings I remember, the rain had cleared, and the Regent's Park stage lay in serene beauty, unpeopled, beneath the floodlights. That reminded us of what we could expect in performances to come. As it is, I have to sympathise with the gallant and endeared Robert Atkins (now a splendidly solemn bull-frog Dogberry), and say that we shall hope for much when Beatrice and Benedick (Ruth Dunning and Anthony Sharp) and the Hero (Jocelyn Britton, a valuable Regent's Park discovery) are allowed to walk the turf.

"George Dillon," by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton, can never be a good play. But, revised and retitled, it has now reached the Comedy Theatre in

a more acceptable form than at the Royal Court. In this glib anecdote of an artistic failure and confirmed sponger, the incidental domestic fluttering matters most, and we can be grateful to Alison Leggatt, Avril Elgar, and Wendy Craig for helping us to pass the evening. I wish that someone would find a major part for that fine actress, Yvonne Mitchell. Incidentally, a charming colleague in criticism has just said, gravely, that Samuel Beckett and John Osborne are "regarded throughout the world as the two most important dramatists who now use the English tongue." If there was a prize for resolution in the face of disaster, that sentence might bear off the gold medal.



"HAPPILY REVIVED THIS YEAR AFTER A SEASON'S BREAK": LONDON'S OPEN AIR THEATRE IN REGENT'S PARK SHOWING A SCENE FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING", THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON.

The opening of the door revealed Richard Brough, an alcoholic back from his "cure"; a father whose presence horrified a young daughter; a father who, unknowingly, would break up a seventeenth birthday party. There had been a very long build-up: it was forty minutes or so before Richard entered. When he did, all the lines of his body sagged. The

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HEDDA GABLER" (Birmingham Repertory).—June Brown as Hedda in Max Faber's translation of the Ibsen play, directed by Bernard Hepton. (June 10.)

"THE VELVET SHOTGUN" (Duchess).—Sarah Marshall and Conrad Janis in a comedy by Christopher Taylor, directed by Frith Banbury. (June 11.)



# ART AND AVIATION NEWS; A NON-CAPSIZABLE LIFEBOAT; AND THE FIRST TEST MATCH.



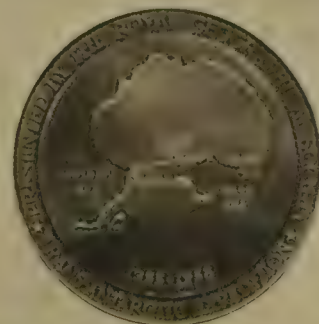
A NEW AND UNUSUAL MACE FOR THE CITY OF MANCHESTER: PRESENTED BY THE REFUGE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

This mace (which was received by the Lord Mayor of Manchester on June 3) is of silver-gilt and enamel. It was designed by Mr. A. G. Styles and made by Messrs. Garrard and Co. Ltd. Between the branches is the city's coat of arms.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON JUNE 6 FOR 9000 GNS., BELIEVED TO BE AN AUCTION RECORD: "MIXED FLOWERS," BY H. FANTIN-LATOURE. (Oil on canvas: 19 by 23½ ins.)

In a sale of Modern Pictures and Drawings sent to auction by the Trustees of the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight, which was held at Messrs. Christie's on June 6, this fine work by Fantin-Latour was sold for 9000 gns. to a London dealer. Among the many examples by pre-Raphaelite artists, Millais' "The Violet's Message" realised 800 gns.



PRESENTED TO SIR VIVIAN FUCHS BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON JUNE 9: THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S SPECIAL MEDAL—THE FIRST SINCE 1910. This Special Medal—bearing a portrait of Sir Vivian on the obverse and a map of Antarctica on the reverse—was presented in gold to Sir Vivian and in bronze to the remainder of the party who made the complete crossing of the Antarctic continent. (By courtesy of Spink & Son, Ltd.)



THE WORLD'S FIRST VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIR-LINER, THE FAIREY ROTODYNE, WHICH MADE ITS FIRST PUBLIC FLIGHT (AND NINETIETH FLIGHT) ON JUNE 3.

The Rotodyne, which first flew on November 6, and made its first transition from helicopter to autogyro flight on April 10, gave its first public demonstration at White Waltham on June 3, ascending vertically, climbing (both as helicopter and autogyro) and came down gently like a lift.



THE SAUNDERS-ROE SR53, THE MIXED POWER PLANT RESEARCH AIRCRAFT, WHICH CRASHED AT BOSCOMBE DOWN ON JUNE 5, KILLING THE TEST PILOT, SQUADRON LEADER JOHN S. BOOTH. As reported elsewhere in this issue Squadron Leader Booth was killed when the SR53 he was piloting crashed on leaving the runway at Boscombe Down. It was the first aircraft produced in this country with the rocket as the main source of power and first flew in 1957.



TYPICAL OF ENGLAND'S HOSTILE ATTACK IN THE FIRST TEST: THE RING OF CLOSE FIELDERS WHEN TRUAMAN WAS BOWLING TO PLAYLE ON THE SECOND DAY.

The first Test match against New Zealand ended early in the afternoon of the fourth day (June 9) at Edgbaston, when New Zealand's second innings closed at 137, thus giving England the victory by 205 runs. England 221 and 215 for 6 declared, New Zealand 94 and 137.



A NEW LIFEBOAT, WHICH WHEN CAPSIZED, INSTANTLY RIGHTS ITSELF AND SPEEDILY UNSHIPS WATER: A DEMONSTRATION AT LITTLEHAMPTON ON JUNE 3.

This 37-ft. lifeboat was demonstrated at Littlehampton by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and Messrs. William Osborne Ltd., the builders, and will tour 17 lifeboat stations this summer. It was designed by Mr. R. A. Oakley and cost £23,000.





REBUILT BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS: THE NEW SCHOOL CHAPEL AT WYCLIFFE COLLEGE, STONEHOUSE, GLOS., LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR.

The school chapel was destroyed by fire in 1939 and has been rebuilt by groups of boys working under an expert craft master. The stone has come from a derelict church and timber from an old pier which collapsed in a storm and the keels of old barges: 500 chairs are now being made, like those the boys are seen polishing.

## ROYAL OCCASIONS; BEEF BY AIR; AND OTHER ITEMS.



WHEN SHE VISITED THE ROYAL DENTAL HOSPITAL TO OPEN AN EXTENSION TO THE SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY: THE QUEEN ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A NIGERIAN GIRL STUDENT.

On June 3 H.M. the Queen visited the Royal Dental Hospital of London and opened the extension to the School of Dental Surgery, which has been built in Leicester Square on the site formerly occupied by Ciro's Club. The lecture theatre stands on what was the club's ballroom. The London School of Dental Surgery was first opened in 1859.



THE HALL OF NUFFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD'S FIRST COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES, WHICH WAS VISITED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON JUNE 6. ON THE WALL ARE THE NUFFIELD ARMS.

Nuffield College at Oxford, which is a post-graduate college for both sexes, is now marked by a tall tower in Clipsham stone (which is not yet quite complete). This tower was formally opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in the presence of the college's benefactor, Lord Nuffield, on June 6, when the college's charter was conferred. Another picture appears elsewhere in this issue.



GOING OVER THE STRIKING DOCKERS' HEADS: SIDES OF BEEF, FLOWN OVER FROM ROTTERDAM AND BEING LANDED AT SOUTHEND. EACH AIRCRAFT CARRIES ABOUT 4½ TONS OF MEAT.

This meat was part of a cargo of 1600 tons which Cardiff dockers refused to handle as being "black" during the London dock strike. The ship was diverted to Rotterdam and some of her cargo sold to American forces there. Some, however, was flown to Southend by charter aircraft.



A WELL-PLANNED, AUDACIOUS PRANK AT CAMBRIDGE: A SMALL VAN ON TOP OF THE SENATE HOUSE. PLACED ON THE APEX OF THE ROOF, PROBABLY BY UNDERGRADUATES, IT WAS LATER MOVED BY FIREMEN.



AT THE SECOND OPERA FESTIVAL GIVEN AT INGESTRE HALL, THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S HOME IN STAFFORDSHIRE: A SCENE FROM BLOW'S "VENUS AND ADONIS."

The Second Opera Festival to be given at Ingestre Hall opened on June 6 with John Blow's "Venus and Adonis," an opera masque dating, like Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" (with which it is alternating), from the 1680's.



SIR GORDON RICHARDS (LEFT), THE FORMER CHAMPION JOCKEY, OPENING THE STEVE DONOGHUE MEMORIAL GATES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRANDSTAND AT EPSOM ON JUNE 3.

These gates have been erected by the Epsom Grandstand Association as a tribute to the jockey who rode 1845 winners, including six Derby winners. The plaques on either wing of the gates show Donoghue on one of them, *Papyrus*. On the right is Major J. D. Watts, Clerk of the Course.



ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND CONGRATULATIONS  
FOR SOME OF BRITAIN'S NEW SURGEONS.



AT A RALLY OF THE GIRL GUIDES OF SUFFOLK: PRINCESS MARGARET, CHIEF RANGER OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE, DRIVING THROUGH AN AVENUE OF STANDARDS.  
On June 7 Princess Margaret was present at a rally of 3800 Girl Guides and Brownies of Suffolk, at Helmingham Hall, near Stowmarket. She drove in an open field car through an avenue of standards from all parts of the county. The Princess also watched a pageant showing a variety of scenes from Suffolk's history.



AFTER OPENING THE CLIFTON BRIDGE OVER THE TRENT: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA LOOKING AT THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE WHICH SHE HAD JUST UNVEILED.  
On June 5 Princess Alexandra officially opened the new Clifton Bridge over the Trent at Nottingham and unveiled a commemorative plaque. In the afternoon the Princess opened a new nine-storey extension to Nottingham and District Technical College.

(Right.)  
CONGRATULATIONS FOR OUR NEW SURGEONS: CANDIDATES WHO HAD JUST PASSED THEIR FINAL F.R.C.S. EXAMINATION STANDING BEFORE THE COURT OF EXAMINERS IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LINCOLN'S INN.

This photograph, taken on May 29, shows candidates who had just passed their final F.R.C.S. examination standing before the Court of Examiners in the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn, London, to receive the Court's congratulations. It is the first photograph to be taken of this occasion. The Fellows of the examining body seated at the table are (l. to r.): Mr. A. H. M. Siddons, St. George's; Mr. N. R. Barrett, St. Thomas's; Mr. R. H. Franklin, London Post-Graduate Medical School; Mr. F. H. Wass, Guy's; Mr. Hugh Reid, Liverpool; Mr. Julian Taylor, University College Hospital (partly obscured); the Chairman, Mr. A. Dickson Wright, St. Mary's; Mr. T. G. I. James, Central Middlesex Hospital; Mr. Clifford Jones, Sheffield; Mr. J. P. Hosford, Bart's; Mr. Norman C. Lake, Charing Cross; Mr. W. M. Capper, Bristol; and Professor Ian Aird, London Post-Graduate Medical School. Facing the camera, at the end of the room, is Mr. Kennedy Cassels, Secretary of the Royal College of Surgeons.

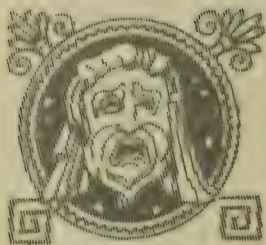


AT NUFFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (LEFT) WITH THE WARDEN, MR. D. N. CHESTER, AND, FOLLOWING, LORD HALIFAX, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.  
On June 6 the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Oxford in a helicopter to present a Royal charter of Incorporation to Nuffield College, in the presence of the founder, Lord Nuffield, and to St. Edmund Hall. It was the first time that two colleges had received their charters on the

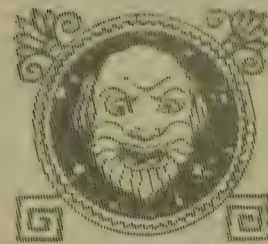


AT ST. EDMUND HALL, OXFORD: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE PRINCIPAL, CANON J. N. D. KELLY, WALKING PAST UNDERGRADUATES IN THE QUADRANGLE.  
same day. St. Edmund Hall is the last of the mediæval halls in the university to have been granted full collegiate status. The Duke also visited University College, of which he is an honorary fellow, and was presented by the Master, Dr. A. L. Goodhart, with a college tie.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### YES AND NO

By ALAN DENT.

MY colleagues, almost to a man and certainly to a woman, have much surprised me this week by being casual and cool about "St. Louis Blues" (an almost all-colour film purporting to be the biography of Will Handy, the Negro composer) and by being elated and enthusiastic about "The Key" (which seems to me a film of muddled values, though its director is the almost invariably brilliant Sir Carol Reed).

The general tendency has been to dismiss "St. Louis Blues" as a decent orgy "for jazz addicts only." Why, then, did I get a deal of rather naïve pleasure out of it? There never was less of a jazz addict than I. Indeed, I am what I believe is discreditably known as a "square" in these matters. I resent the space taken up, in reputed Sunday and weekly papers particularly, by the serious criticism of jazz music. I cannot be brought to see that it is a subject for serious criticism—for this kind of thing:—"Red Ned and his Rhythm Boys attain to a far more plangent and evocative ambience in *Louisiana Lulu* than do the Red Currant Jelly-Rollers."

But on reflection I think I can perceive why "St. Louis Blues" gives me a certain pleasure. It is unweening and unpretentious. It shows unmistakably that jazz is primarily the business of the Negro singer and player (and incidentally supports my contention that it should be maintained so, since only coloured artists have "got rhythm" in this sense of the word and phrase). It has a simple and touching story. Handy, it appears, was the son of a preacher who divided all of music into two distinct halves—that of De Lawd and that of the Devil—and who was heartbroken and for many years unforgiving when his son took the Devil's side in his manner of musical

in the old place—all alone!"—a tune with a lilt which brings back the memory of Eugene Stratton (if anyone should happen to know what I am talking about!).

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



NAT "KING" COLE AS W. C. HANDY AND EARTHA KITT AS GOGO GERMAINE IN "ST. LOUIS BLUES," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY ALLEN REISNER.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "In the Paramount film 'St. Louis Blues,' Nat 'King' Cole plays the songwriter W. C. Handy (who died recently at a great age) and Eartha Kitt plays a jazz-singer who was the first to spot and encourage Handy's talent. Miss Kitt is more of a born player than Mr. Cole, but the two work together with a subtle and pleasing harmony, and their songs are pleasantly insinuating."

This film has for me two particular virtues. It has a strain of the peculiar wit of coloured folks—downright, shot with wisdom. We are told of Handy, Senior, for example:—"He says true riches are in Heaven—but it's nice to have some pocket-money while you're waitin' to git there!" And it shows that unique singer, Miss Kitt—playing a cabaret-singer called Gogo Germaine who helps young Handy to find his proper vocation—for once in a way truly in her element, probably because she is playing with her own people. This gives her a warmth—in her style as distinct

from the manner of her songs, which is warm enough in all conscience—she has never deigned to show before. Miss Kitt here loses her aloofness, while continuing to be the superlative little artist I have consistently admired since I first set delighted

eyes on her in the famous revue called "New Faces" when I saw it in Chicago five years ago.

About "The Key" the general tendency has been to overpraise. While it stays at sea—for its background is the heroic and under-told story of the tug-boats which went to the help of the ships damaged in the Atlantic convoys—it cannot be praised too highly. Sir Carol Reed has a great flair for this kind of spectacle. He spares us neither the horror nor the glory, and certain details in the high stress of the action will stay long in the mind. But when the film lingers on shore Sir Carol seems to me to be somewhat bogged down by a story in which the celebrated and alluring Sophia Loren is seen as a lady in a dressing-gown in a top-storey flat in some such place as Plymouth. She specialises in tug-boat captains, and whenever one goes off on a dangerous mission it is an understood thing that he should hand over a duplicate latch-key to someone worthy to succeed him. This sultry young person, whose name is Stella, keeps a wardrobe full of souvenirs in the shape of spare uniform-jackets belonging to her list of captains. The two of this series we meet in the film are brilliantly played by Trevor Howard and William Holden.

It is subtly and persistently borne in upon us that there is a kind of symbolic meaning in Stella. She is Circe to Odysseus. She is perhaps even what Keats meant by his Belle Dame sans Merci, though she acts as a desperate solace to tug-boat captains rather than to knights-at-arms palely loitering. She believes in omens and forebodings. She knows intuitively, for example, when it is time for a substitute key to be made and handed over—the key which, according to the film's delicately-worded programme, "opens the door into a haven from hell." For me the door to this mystical side of the film just refuses to open. And I know the reason. It is not the shaky symbolism. It is not any deficiency in the acting of Miss Loren. It is the fact, fatally stressed, that Stella is no great shakes as a cook! When Chris Ford—played by Mr. Howard—hands Stella a tin of



"IT HAS A SIMPLE AND TOUCHING STORY": "ST. LOUIS BLUES"—A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) AUNT HAGAR (PEARL BAILEY), CHARLES HANDY (JUANO HERNANDEZ), BESSIE MAY (MAHALIA JACKSON), W. C. HANDY (NAT "KING" COLE), AND ELIZABETH (RUBY DEE). (LONDON PREMIERE: LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, MAY 22.)

composition. We see this father forgiving at last when the tune which gives the film its title is played by a major orchestra under a distinguished white conductor. This climax is perhaps the least convincing thing in the film, which is wisely content for the most part to show Handy as a thrower-off of winning and guileless little tunes.

Nat "King" Cole presents him amiably (though he must be said to age astonishingly little through the years). Pearl Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald, Cab Calloway, and—outstandingly—Eartha Kitt are among the friends and relations who help to make his songs heard, liked, and purchased. And Ruby Dee touchingly plays the tried and true sweetheart, her attitude being that of the old-time coon who used to sing:—"I'se a-waiting for yer, Josie,



"ITS BACKGROUND IS THE HEROIC AND UNDER-TOLD STORY OF THE TUG-BOATS WHICH WENT TO THE HELP OF THE SHIPS DAMAGED IN THE ATLANTIC CONVOYS": COLUMBIA'S "THE KEY," WHICH IS PRODUCED BY SIR CAROL REED—A SCENE WITH STELLA (SOPHIA LOREN) AND DAVID ROSS (WILLIAM HOLDEN). (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, MAY 29.)

baked beans and remarks that that is all he needs in the way of sustenance, the mystic aspect of "The Key" goes overboard with a plonk!

For me, at least! I may be an unconvinced "egghead" with regard to such a film as "The Key," just as I may be a "square" with regard to the subject of jazz in general, especially in its more pretentious aspects. But the cajoling impact of such a film as "St. Louis Blues," with its soft-shoe shuffle and its milk-chocolatey beguiling voices, makes me rather regard myself as a square with rounded corners.

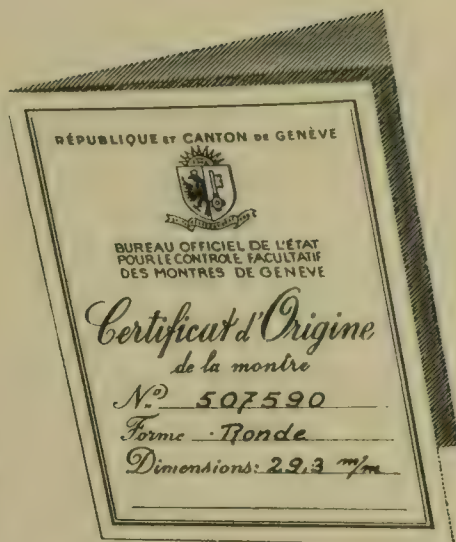
### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE SHEEPMAN" (M.G.M. Generally Released: June 2).—An exceptionally good Western for those who can tell one Western from another.  
"THE SEA WALL" (Rank. Generally Released: May 26).—Piquant, unusual, and vaguely unsatisfactory drama with a Siamese setting and a cosmopolitan cast.  
"STAGE STRUCK" (R.K.O. Generally Released: June 2).—Susan Strasberg, a new young actress of some quality, shows how an amateur from Vermont had Broadway at her feet in an unprecedentedly short space of time. Henry Fonda, Herbert Marshall, and Christopher Plummer are rungs in the ladder. Improbable, but lively and well-made.



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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is, or was very lately, the custom to present historical novels whenever possible as tracts for the times, or harp on their affinity with the times. One can see why, of course. And "Three's Company," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 15s.), provides a far better excuse than usual: its theme being the establishment of a tyranny, and what may happen to a well-meaning, conventional politician in the process. It takes us from Cæsar's march on Rome to the final victory of Octavius; and its hero-butt is Lepidus, the dim Triumvir—the "poor third" of "Antony and Cleopatra." This ground must be thick with parallels, though I won't try to educe them. On the other hand, it is almost too historical. The "plot" is no little of a maze, indeed a welter; for Mr. Duggan scorns to simplify his material, though very willing to brisk it up.

But this drawback does not affect the characters. Marcus Lepidus is head of the old, noble Aemilian family. As such, he has known his future from boyhood. Naturally, he will serve the State. He will be on the Popular side, fighting the wicked Optimates like his father—although not literally. For there will be no more wars, never another proscription; Sulla's was too horrible. From now on, an aspiring young Popular has only to mind his book, and train for constitutional struggles in the Forum. As Aemilius Lepidus, he may expect to be Consul; and there is nothing higher.

This programme actually sees him through to the age of forty. He is then a pompous, hard-working magistrate, steeped in the right thing—indeed so correct as to suggest a mouthpiece of all the ancestors. At which point, Cæsar crosses the Rubicon. Of course, he is a Popular and a gentleman; but his friends are scum, and anyhow he may lose. So now what is the right thing? Egged on by his wife, Lepidus chooses boldly, and is made deputy governor of Rome. After the tyrannicide, he behaves well. But in the next stage he is sunk. Now there is no respectable course; there are only bands of throat-cutting *condottieri*, against one of whom (but which?) he must lead his army. But how? He can't think, so it goes over to Antony. And then, instead of taking his head, that ruffian slaps him on the back and drags him off to a conference with young Cæsar, the "incredibly dim great-nephew." From which the respectable man comes out a Triumvir, and part author of a proscription ghastlier than Sulla's.

There is a long trail after that, some of it anticlimax. But the corruption-stage is first-rate; and indeed all the male figures are brilliant, on familiar lines.

## OTHER FICTION.

Oddly enough, "The Contenders," by John Wain (Macmillan; 13s. 6d.), has points of likeness. Here again we have a couple of power-addicts, with an undistinguished buffer—fat old Joe Shaw, as he keeps calling himself—to act as foil and see fair. He and Ned Roper and Robert Lamb chummed up (if that is the word) at their school in Staffordshire, when they were about seventeen—the point, says Joe, where "boys begin to see life in competitive terms." The school encouraged this "rat-race." Ned the potential tycoon and Robert the born artist went at it like mad—for some reason, with special reference to each other. Old Joe wouldn't try. He is content to stick on the local paper, while his chums are rocketing to the top, gunning and grabbing for prestige all the way; though it is only with the advent of Myra, the unique fashion model and certificate of power, that they have anything to contend over. And when things go wrong, "fat old Uncle Joe" presents a shoulder to cry on. Till he gets sick of it. . . .

This is a brilliant story—written in fireworks, as it were. But the ideas make nonsense. So does the plot. Joe couldn't have passed as an "amiable fat oaf" for half a minute; fireworks are not their medium. Nor is he "non-competitive," nor even amiable *tout court*. Fine fun, all the same.

"The Return of Lady B," by Nancy Wilson Ross (Collins; 15s.), is the story of an elderly woman's pilgrimage to her early home on Long Island, before it is sold up. Lady Brace has been away in England for years. She has two American daughters—now almost strangers—and a fierce, demon-haunted brother, dearer than both. He is horribly crippled, and accompanied by a Buddhist monk. With his help, Lady B has now to surmount a complex of strains, and a new conviction of lifelong guilt. Ample and agreeable, with fine moments.

"Death in Seven Volumes," by Douglas G. Browne (Macdonald; 11s. 6d.), is a cosy mystery, with a lot of social hobnobbing among pillars of authority and their charming wives. At least, two have charming wives: the Mephistophelian Mr. Tuke, Deputy Director of Public Prosecutions, and young Dauncey, a mere Inspector, who is a member of the London Library, thus encountering the first puzzle: the exchange of an amateur philosopher's presentation books for another set, seemingly identical. Next comes the murder of a down-at-heel bookseller. Of course the two are linked up; and the inquiry takes in an addiction to model soldiers, and a headlong chase through the Library. Nice stuff, with a streak of drama. K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM THACKERAY TO NEW BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

THERE is no greater expert on Thackeray than Professor Gordon N. Ray, who has now given us the second volume of his full-length biography of the novelist, "Thackeray, the Age of Wisdom, 1847-1863" (Oxford University Press; 55s.). The former volume, which dealt with Thackeray's early years, was appropriately entitled "The Uses of Adversity," for before he was aged thirty-five he had had to suffer a series of terrible misfortunes, including the loss of his fortune and the madness of his wife. Professor Ray tells us that in this second volume he is treating of the "finished man" rather than of the "unfinished man"; of "what Thackeray was, rather than how he became what he was," and he adds: "Certainly no one would have found a more pungent relish in the sometimes ironical overtones of 'The Age of Wisdom' as a description of his later life than Thackeray himself." Indeed, these last sixteen years of his life cannot be dismissed as placid and philosophical. There was the episode of his love for a married woman, Jane Brookfield, which was searing rather than surprising; his constant quarrels with Dickens; his breaking with *Punch*; his acceptance and later resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill*; the "Garrick Club Affair" and his violent public quarrel with Yates. J. L. Motley, who met Thackeray in 1858, said that he reminded him of "a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet, but rather piping voice, with something of a childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure." His rigid propriety of manner in public, so Professor Ray observes, "no doubt resulted from his awareness that the complete unreserve natural to him was not appropriate now that he had become a personage." (Here, surely, is one of those overtones mentioned in his preface!)

This is not only a book for the experts rather clumsily styled "Thackerayans"—the numbers of whom, one may suspect, have hardly been increasing during the past fifty years. Any reader may enjoy it thoroughly if he is acquainted with no more than Thackeray's four great novels: "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," "The Newcomes" and "Pendennis." Professor Ray shows that the novels contain "pattern figures," each closely linked to an original in Thackeray's "buried life" of private emotion which he hid from the outside world.

Nothing in the book is better than Chapter 6, on "Esmond," in which Lady Castlewood is traced as the pattern figure. Many people regard "Esmond" as Thackeray's best novel—or as second only to "Vanity Fair"—but equally many have deplored what looks like the clumsy, almost shocking, ending when Henry, after his passion for Beatrix Esmond, turns round and marries her mother.

Professor Ray makes it clear that Lady Castlewood's love for Henry is not only the main theme of the book, but also that it appears very early, when she was twenty-four and he was only sixteen. This explanation turns Lady Castlewood into a consistent character, and gives her her place in Thackeray's secret life as a pattern of Jane Brookfield. The whole work is eminently satisfying, and I need only add that it stands solidly on its own base, so that those who have not read the first volume need feel at no disadvantage.

Literature and the Italian Lakes have, of course, a good deal in common, though it is for the most part literature of a more lush type than that given us by Thackeray. Even the most lavishly illustrated guidebooks rarely move me to a strong desire to visit the places they extol—unless, of course, I have already seen and learnt to love them.

This is a feeling quite well understood by Gabriel Faure, the author of "The Italian Lakes" ("Les Beaux Pays" series; Nicholas Kaye; translated by George Millard; 35s.), who writes: "It is often far pleasanter to return and see a place again than to discover it." The Italian Lakes have never been a favourite haunt of mine, but if anything could lure me there it would be this book. The illustrations are beyond praise, and M. Faure's text meanders in and out of them like one of the little Italian hill-roads threading the mountains above his lakes.

Lastly, I should like to recommend two books of reference. "A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities" (Allen and Unwin; 30s.), by Oskar Seyffert, is an old favourite. It was revised by Henry Nettleship and J. E. Sandys, who jointly signed the preface to the first English edition in 1891. The "long" and "short" signs over the vowels will help the novice with his pronunciation, and the illustrations have been carefully chosen.

This year has brought a revised edition of "Everyman's Encyclopædia," in twelve volumes (Dent; 21s. each). Reviewers often indulge in the unkind sport of opening such works at random, in the hope of catching some contributor nodding. Alas! I have fallen into my own trap. I am quite unable to criticise learned animadversions on the binomial theory or biochemistry—and I am in no position to contest the fact that the binturong is a "black bear cat." E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

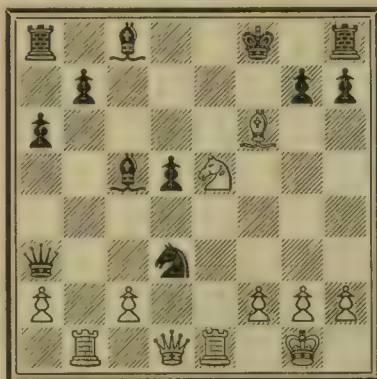
UNLESS financial or other obstacles intervene, America will be represented in the "International" Tournament in Sweden this autumn by forty-seven-year-old (or near it) Samuel Reshevsky, making probably his last appearance in the World Championship arena, and fifteen-year-old Bobby Fischer, making his first. By finishing in one of the top few places, either can qualify for the World Championship Candidates' Tournament in 1959, the winner of which meets Botvinnik in a match for the title in 1960.

On the face of it, Bobby Fischer is destined to become a greater player than Reshevsky ever was. He has already finished above Reshevsky in an important American tournament; a phenomenal achievement at such an age.

Prediction is always dangerous, however. One never knows when there will come a mysterious pause, a delay which imperceptibly becomes a permanent hold-up, in a particular player's chess-playing development. Arturito Pomar had beaten Alekhine when he was Bobby Fischer's age but now is no better than six or ten other players in his native Spain, a country which ranks about twentieth in the world list.

Reshevsky, if he never makes another move, will certainly remain one of the greatest chess masters of all time. I came upon a little episode from one of his earlier games recently. He reached this position against Vasconcellos in Boston, fourteen years ago.

Black.



White.

As he is a piece down, it is virtually certain that he had already envisaged the combination, really staggering in its depth and insight, by which he now wound up the game:

1. BxPch! KxR  
2. RxPch!

Now on 2... BxR, White would mate, starting with 3. Q-Kt4ch in, at most, five more moves. Work them out; moving the pieces about if you must but from the diagram if you can (and always recalling that Reshevsky worked them out, and necessarily in their entirety and in limited time, from a yet earlier position).

2... B-K2  
3. Q-R5 R-B1

Or 3... BxR; 4. Q-B7ch, K-R3; 5. Kt-Kt4ch, K-Kt4; 6. Q-Kt7ch, mating on move 9 at latest. Or 3... Kt x Kt; 4. Q x Ktch and 5. R x B (ch).

Or 3... Kt x R; 4. Q-B7ch, K-R3; 5. R x B. This is the hardest variation for White, but Black, with every one of his pieces, including his king, on the edge of the board, cannot save the game. One typical finish is 5... Q-B8; 6. Kt-Kt4ch! B x Kt; 7. Q-B6ch, K-R4; 8. R-K5ch, etc. The game actually finished 4. Q-Kt5ch, K-R1; 5. Kt-Kt6ch! P x Kt; 6. Q-R6ch, K-Kt1; 7. Q x Pch, K-R1; 8. R(Kt7) x B and Black resigned.



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Apart from any question of commerce, the affair ranks high merely as a spectacle, for nowhere else can one see so great a range of worth-while objects from ancient Chinese bronzes to luxurious little gold snuff-boxes gathered together beneath one roof. But if, on the opening day, the world and his wife throng the basement of Grosvenor

## COLLECTORS

House both to see and be seen—it is very much like Private View Day at Burlington House—afterwards, especially towards the late afternoon, there are ample opportunities for quiet browsing and for those leisurely conversations about this and that which are half the fun of collecting whether one is in pursuit of rarities or merely engaged in furnishing a house.

In one very important respect the Fair Management sets a remarkable standard of expertise. The vast majority of the dealers who take part are very considerable experts in their own specialities, but to ensure that the public is protected to the full they submit to the verdict of carefully-chosen committees which sit in judgment each morning upon everything—every single thing—which is displayed on the various stalls. One man's judgment can be liable to error, but it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for one doubtful piece to survive the scrutiny of four or five pairs of hawk-like experienced eyes.

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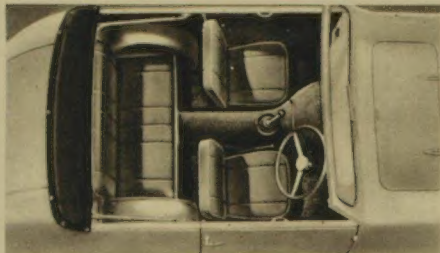
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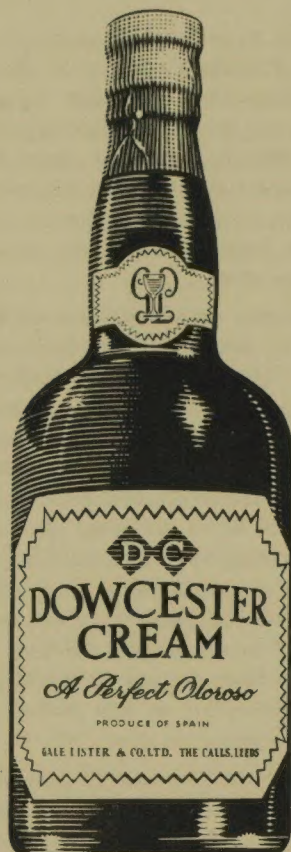
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A tree may only be an extra large plant, but like a town it has an extra large population. It supports MOSSES and LICHENS (1 and 2), it feeds — and may be killed by — fungi. This beech is feeding colonies of the slimy, gleaming BEECH TUFT (3) and a POLYPORUS or TINDER-LEDGE (4), growing out like firm ledges or shelves. Prehistoric man in Yorkshire 10,000 years ago was making tinder from a similar fungus for lighting his fires. Other fungi grow underneath trees in linkage with tree roots — for example, two kinds specially good to eat, the ORANGE-TAWNY CEP (5), a boletus which is commoner under birches, and the CHANTERELLE or EGG YOLK (6), which smells exactly of dried apricots.

The tree is nesting place and living quarters for tree-adapted birds — GREEN WOODPECKER, YAFFLE, YUCKLE or RAINBIRD (7), NUTHATCH (8) and the TREE-CREEPER (9), which winds its sly quiet way up and round trunk and limb dibbling for grubs and insects. Our RED SQUIRRELL (10) has become less common in the trees than the coarser, though still beautiful GREY SQUIRRELL (11), dottily introduced from North America. A woodland butterfly not often seen near the ground is the PURPLE EMPEROR (male 12A; female 12B), which likes woods of beech as well as oak.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



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